THE

Woman turn'd Bully.

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

Hanc veniam petimus Damusq;.

Licensed, *July* the 5th 1675.
Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. C.* for *T. Dring*, at the Harrow at the corner of *Chancery-lane* in *Fleet-street.* 1675.

UM

The Persons represented.

TRUMAN,	*A young Gentleman of the* Temple, *possest of an Estate, and lives handsomely.*
GOODFEILD,	*His Friend, newly come to Town.*
DOCKET,	*An antient Attorney, a very Law-driver.*
TRUPENNY,	*Madam* Goodfeilds *Country-Steward, an old formal Coxcomb.*
DASHWEL,	Docket's *Clerk, like his Master.*
SPRUCE,	*Another Clerk to* Docket, *a lively fellow.*
Madam GOODFEILD,	*A rich Country-Widow, who drinks and takes Tobacco, and can't speak a word out of the Country-Element: She hates the Town; but comes up about an immergent Law-affair.*
BETTY GOODFEILD,	*An airy young Lady her Daughter, come up to* London *after her Mother, in mans Apparel. She personates a Town-Gallant, and discourses out of Plays.*
FRANK,	*Her Maid, in the like Disguize.*
LOVEAL,	*The Widows woman, a stale Maid, who longs for a Husband: very fond.*
LUCIA,	*A young Lady, Niece and Ward to* Docket.
Her MAID.	
Two BOYS.	

SCENE, London.

PROLOGUE.

So ill ſucceſs have Poets now adaies,
That ſhortly none will dare to write you Plays.
Dramatick Wit is ominous of late;
The little Flaſh *does ſtill prognoſticate*
A Paper-war, or a more ſcurvie Fate.
And (like a graceleſs Child) Heroick Rattle
Is realliz'd, and turn'd the Poets Battle.
T'avoid ſuch fears, we ſhall preſent to day
An innocent and unprovoking Play:
And that's his comfort, th' Author bid me ſay.
'Tis plain, well meant; hardly a Song or Dance,
Scene, nor Machine, its Credit to advance.
To've nothing here of ſuch prodigious ſtrains,
To ſwell your Envie greater than his Pains.
But being of Engliſh growth, we've cauſe to fear,
'Gainſt home-bred Wit their cenſure too ſevere,
Who ſtill uſurp a Power to diſapprove
What the ſick Fancie can't digeſt, or Love.
Perſiſt — But Letchers thus, when they decline,
Borrow both Heat and Love from ſparkling Wine.
And though poor Chloris *thinks their Love's her Prize,*
'Tis Burgundy *becomes her Sacrifice.*
While healthful Lovers vigorouſly improve
With Native Food and heat th' Entrigues of Love.

THE

The WOMAN turn'd BULLY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The Temple.

Truman, Goodfeild, Boy.

Tru. HOneſt *Ned Goodfeild*, i'faith I'm as glad to ſee thee as any man living. Once more thou art welcome to *London*. But, what good Star directed thee to my Chamber?

Good. Marry, that did the good Porter: he ſhewed me the Stair-caſe; and when I mounted, the firſt I happened to meet was your Boy. Gad, *Jack*, thou liveſt here a delicate life; theſe are better Lodgings than thou hadſt at the Colledge.

Tru. Aye, faith, and ſomewhat better Company. But what a Devil makes thee tarry thus long at *Cambridge?* Sure thou art graduated up to the Ears by this time. Doſt thou intend for the Pulpit, or by the way of Phyſick, wilt thou cure thy friends of all Diſeaſes? ----

Good. No more of that, good *Jack*; I have a Mother alive, who till I come to age (of which I lack not many weeks) is alſo my Guardian. She is a good Soul (as *Sancho* ſaid of his Wife) but of a downright Country-principle. She hates your City here, and all that belongs to't. Look ye, *Jack*; when you left the Colledge, I would have follow'd you with all my heart, but my Mother very gravely, and like a Mother, writ me her Commands, and I think, ſent one of her ſervants to acquaint me, that I muſt ſtill continue my Studies where I was: for to come into the Country, and enter into Commiſſion of the Peace, I was yet too young; and to go to the Inns a Court ſhe would never think on't, for that was the ready way to be undone, *London* being the very ſink of all Debauchery.

Tru. Hold there: Let me view thee well. Doſt thou come from

the Univerſity, and charge us with Debauchery? *O tempora! O mores!* Belike then you made this Voyage without your Mothers knowledge?

Good. Aye.

Tru. Why there's a dutiful Son. Art not thou aſham'd, *Ned?*

Good. For what? for coming to Town without her leave?

Tru. No, *Ned*, for blaming the poor Town, for a lewd ill-manner'd Town, or as your Mother thinks it, a ſink of Perdition. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou art quite beſide the Cuſhion. Minde what I ſay: Your Univerſity-men no ſooner come hither, but they forget their dear Art of Drinking. And for a Clap, or ſo, many are ſo far from getting it here, that they bring it with 'em. ---- Boy, ſee who knocks. (*Knocking.*

Boy. Sir, here's Mr. *Docket*'s Clerk has a Meſſage from his Maſter, he ſays, and deſires you would pleaſe to diſpatch him.

Tru. Diſpatch him? why how long has he waited?

Boy. Not at all, Sir; but you know he's ſo full of his Law-terms, he can't ſpeak without 'em.

Tru. Bid him enter.

Boy. (*at the door*) Mr. *Daſhwel*, you may enter.

Enter Daſhwel.

Daſh. Sir, I humbly thank ye. May it pleaſe you, Mr. *Truman*, my Maſter deſires to ſpeak with you ſome time this afternoon.

Tru. How does he do?

Daſh. Very well, and in good practice, I thank God, Sir.

Tru. I'm glad on't. Tell your Maſter, Sir, I will not fail to wait on him about three a clock.

Daſh. By no means, Sir, for then he'll be very buſie in examining a ſpecial Plea in *Trover*, which will hold him at leaſt half an hour.

Tru. Why then I'll be with him at five.

Daſh. That can't be, Sir, for then he'll be gone out to the Walks to meet his Brother *Nuper*, and ſigne Judgment betwixt *Wiſeman* and *Spendal*: 'Tis a 2000 *l.* Action, and cannot be put off.

Tru. No? What a Devil----why then tell him I'll not fail to come as ſoon as I've dined, 'twixt one and two a clock.

Daſh. Aye, Sir, I think that will do very well. Fare you well, Sir.

Tru.

Tru. Godb'w'ye Mr. *Daſhwel.* (Daſhwel *turns again.*

Daſh. Oh Lord! Sir, I had almoſt forgot; you muſt not come then, for then there will be with him a certain Country-Lady, one Madam *Goodfeild*, who comes about buſineſs; and you muſt not come then by any means.

Good. Madam *Goodfeild*, ſay you friend?

Daſh. Yes, Sir, of *Darbyſhire.*

Good. D'you know her buſineſs?

Daſh. To that, Sir, I anſwer *Ignoramus*: I can ſay little---

Tru. To the purpoſe, I'm ſure. ----

Daſh. Her Servant, one Mr. *Trupenny*, was with my Maſter this morning, to deſire an *Imparlance* after Dinner, and then ſhe'll open her Caſe. ----

Tru. Mr. *Daſhwel*, when ſhall I come to your Maſter? be brief.

Daſh. E'en when you pleaſe, Sir.

Tru. Well then, I'll come a little before three, e're he goes upon his Plea; and that will be a good time.

Daſh. Aye, Sir, a very good time: Your Servant Sir, your Servant Gentlemen. { *Turning* Daſhwel *to the door, and thruſting him forwards.* *Exit Daſhwel.*

Good. My Mother in Town! this amazes me.

Tru. Suſpend thy wonder a little, *Ned*; I'll know all if poſſible, when I go to *Dockets.*

Good. In the mean time, what a Devil is this *Docket*, and this formal Coxcomb his man, that comes with ſuch a damn'd Meſſage?

Tru. 'Tis worth your enquiry indeed, for they are two as notable Creatures as e're were ſhew'd at *Bartholomew*-Fair. The man you've ſeen already, and ſhould you ſee him a year together, you would ſee neither more nor leſs in him; yet people of his Tribe ſay he's a good Clerk (as they phraſe it.) He's one that manages his Maſters Practice ſo aſſiduouſly, that he can do nothing elſe---- But a pox on him, what do I ſpend ſo many words of ſuch an Owl?

Good. Then for the Maſter.

Tru. Aye, the Maſter. There's a rare piece of fleſh for ye---- never was Maſter and Man ſo proportion'd to one another. You have heard part of the man's Character already; and, *If the man ſuch dulneſs have*--- you know the old Rime in the *Arcadia.* To

be brief, (for I hate to diſcourſe of ſuch unpleaſant ſubjects) He is a pure downright Attorney, with as little mixture of Gentleman or Scholar as poſſible can be imagined to one who lives in *London*, the Staple of refin'd converſe. To this I muſt add, he is Old and Rich.

Good. I'the name of Wonder, how came you acquainted with ſuch things as theſe? Is this the refin'd Converſe, you talk of?

Tru. Oh, *Ned!* thereby hangs a tale. You muſt know then, in an evil hour, I owe him 6000 *l.* which my Father heretofore borrow'd, partly to marry a Daughter, and partly on other occaſions: For this Debt he mortgaged five hundred a year, which Mortgage has been now forfeited about four year, and he in the Devils name, has enter'd. Since my Father's death, *Ned*, I have been very ſenſible of this loſs, it being (betwixt you and I) the beſt half of my Eſtate. In fine, I have been ſeveral times with him to take in this Mortgage, and get him to releaſe the Eſtate. I have offer'd him, to that end, to pay down 3000 *l.* with the Intereſt due, and a Judgment from my ſelf and two ſubſtantial Citizens, for the other three.

Good. And ſo he replies that you offer him to his loſs, and that he has eleven Points of the Law againſt ye; does he not?

Tru. Much to that purpoſe; but in his Gibberiſh, he tells me, *Nul tort nul diſſeiſin*, I muſt not complain of wrong, he has but what the Law gives him, and *Executio Juris non habet Injuriam*: And this is all I could ever get from him, till yeſterday, and then we were in ſomewhat more complaiſant terms. He ſends for me now, I am confident, about this buſineſs.

Good. Well, is this all you can tell me of him?

Tru. No.

Good. Proceed.

Tru. He has a pretty Niece, that I muſt bring you acquainted with.

Good. Me! Gad *Jack*, you have made ſuch a fine Character of him, I have no ambition to know any of the Breed.

Tru. You miſtake me, *Ned Goodfeild*; ſhe is no ways a kin to the diſ-ingenuity of her Uncle. Believe me, Friend, ſhe is both Young, Pretty, of a good Humour, and beſides a Fortune.

Good. And with all theſe good Qualities, why do not you ſtrike her up, and by that means pay off your Mortgage?

Tru.

Tru. Not ſo faſt: The Affair is leſs feazable to me than any man, for ſeveral reaſons that I know. Her Father dying, left this his onely Daughter, and 6000 *l.* to the management of his Wives Brother, this *Docket*, who he appointed her Guardian; with this Proviſo in his Will, that if ſhe married without her ſaid Guardian's conſent, then to forfeit the ſaid ſum intended for her Portion, and that her Uncle might diſpoſe of it as he thought fit. Her Uncle, a covetous Jew, has ſwallow'd all this Eſtate already in imagination, intending never to marry her with his conſent: To that end, confines her (while with him in *London*) conſtantly to her Chamber, never ſuffering her to ſee the open air, unleſs once or twice a fortnight in the *Temple* or *Lincolns-Inn*-Gardens; and that too, with himſelf or ſome ſuch truſty Governour.

Good. Theſe are Impediments, I confeſs *Jack*, eſpecially to a Debter.

Tru. This is not all. The damn'd dull courſe of life her Uncle has impoſed upon her, has rendred both her diſcourſe and behaviour very reſerved, or to ſay true, a little heavy; which ſuits not at all with my fancie; for I muſt have my Miſtriſs, *Ned*, full of Air and Gayety to the utmoſt extent.

Good. Faith, then I've a Siſter will fit thee to a hair.

Tru. Where is ſhe, *Ned?*

Good. Ah Pox, ſhe's in *Darby-ſhire.*

Tru. That's a great way off. But how d'you know ſhe's not come up with your Mother?

Good. Oh, it can never enter into my thoughts: She'll ſooner ſend her to the Nunnery at *Ghent*, than bring her hither. She believes this Town ſpoils all young men that come to it; but for women, ſhe's confident the very air of *London* meets 'em, and debauches 'em at *Highgate.* Hang me if I can comprehend what a Devil brings my Mother her ſelf up: it muſt be ſome extraordinary occaſion. She has not made ſuch a Voyage, to my knowledge, this twenty years.

Tru. Well, we ſhall know all when I have been at *Dockets.* In the mean time, *Ned*, thou ſhalt dine with me: I'll acquaint thee with the humour of the Eating-houſes. Boy, give me my Sword, and follow me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Betty Goodfeild, *and* Franck *her Maid, both in mans Apparel.*

B. Good. NOw, *Franck*, that we are arrived at *London*, and have luckily taken Lodgings neer my Mother, our firſt care muſt be, to conceal our Diſguize; to that end, be ſure you never ſpeak to me otherwiſe than by the name of Sir: 'ware tripping.

Fran. Leave that to me, Sir; I was the firſt that thought of this Adventure, and if I can't manage it, may I never live to be marri'd, and that's no ſmall Curſe. I'll be ſo far from betraying the ſecret in publick, that even in private, when we are alone, you ſhall paſs with me for what you ſeem.

B. Good. My next endeavours muſt be, how to ſute my own behaviour to what I intend, a Town-Gallant. In this, *Franck*, you muſt inſtruct me, for you have known the Town before you came to my ſervice.

Fran. True. Firſt then, have you ſeen any of our new Plays?

B. Good. Yes, I have read 'em all as they came out in Print.

Fran. Good: that will be a great help. For look ye, Sir, juſt as ſome raw Poets borrow their Scenes from the Fop-company they frequent, in the ſame manner, many raw Gallants ſquare their behaviour to their Fop-ſcenes. What elſe makes theſe ſort of Phraſes ſo common, *Dear heart---You underſtand me---Let me die---And all that---*

B. Good. For my own part, I don't know whether people in *London* talk thus or no; but if you'd have me diſcourſe out of Plays, let me alone.

Fran. Beſides this, you muſt be ſure to be very confident, or if you pleaſe, impudent in all your actions: That's the prime Rule of Converſe.

B. Good. Gad take me, I cannot promiſe very much in that particular, but I'll endeavour.

Fran. Gad take me! Oh, fie, fie, I'm aſhamed to hear ye; why that's an Oath for a Country-Schoolmaſter: You muſt learn to ſwear more like a Gentleman, or you'll ſpoil a Gallant.

B. Good. Why prethee, how ſwears a Gentleman? does not a Cobler ſwear as well?

Fran.

Fran. No, Sir, a Cobler ſwears at the ſecond hand. To ſwear like a Gentleman, is to ſwear in a new Phraſe, and with a full mouth. I know a Lady neer the place where I was born, that never encouraged her Children with Apples or Sugar-plums, but when they had invented ſome handſome new Oath, as, *By my Mothers Maidenhead*, or, *By my Fathers dapple Mare*; or rather than none at all, a Rapper would content her, ſo that it came in, in a right place, and had a good Emphaſis. I have ſeen her little Imps of four or five years old ſwear as heartily for a Breakfaſt, as e're I heard our Chaplain pray.

B. Good. But may not a man hope for an indifferent good Behaviour without ſuch blunt downright Prophaneneſs?

Fran. If you converſe only with Ladies, indeed, why you may do pretty well if you have often, *Gad Madam*, and, *As I hope to live Madam*, and the like. But e'faith Sir, if you have to do with a Coach-man or a Mechanick, you muſt be at it with, *Damn me ye Son of a Tinker*, or you'll do no good.

B. Good. Why Son of a Tinker?

Fran. Oh Sir, that's a new Phraſe, and much more ſignificant, than Son of a Whore: Alas, that's grown ſo common, as 'tis become a term of indearment, only to be uſed to Friends and Familiars; as what's more uſual, than *Dear Son of a Whore, how I love thee!* No body's aſham'd of Son of a Whore, but a Son of a Tinker is not company for a Footboy. ---- Then young Gentleman, can you Curſe well?

B. Good. Faith, *Franck*, I doubt, not.

Fran. Why there's it; yet you may perhaps when you're moved. But above all, have a care when any one offends you, not to cry *A Pox take him*, or *The Devil take him*, for theſe are (as I ſaid before) Terms of Friendſhip. Is there any thing more ready, than *A Pox take thee* Jack, *where haſt thou been all this while?* and for the other buſineſs, it is ſo innocent, we uſe it of our ſelves; as, *The Devil take me, Sir, that's a good Jeſt.*

B. Good. 'Tis very true.

Fran. Therefore I think a more terrible way of Execration would be to ſay of your Enemy, *May he never ſee his Miſtriſs's Eyes again*, or *May his Taylor never truſt him*: But this, Sir, I leave to your Diſcretion.

B. Good.

B. Good. These are general Rules fit for all Companies and places. Now for my particular daily Exercise.

Fran. That, Sir, must be divided betwixt Drinking----

B. Good. I'm nought at that Weapon----

Fran. Not so good as your Mother, I confess; ---- but I say you must spend the day in Drinking, Gaming, and Wenching: but in this last affair, you must not enter too far, for a reason that I know.

B. Good. If I do, the Devil's in me. But prethee *Frank*, how must I spend the morning, which some call the sober part of the day?

Fran. Why there's your mistake: The morning is part of the night. A true Gallant should never wake 'till eleven, nor be dress't 'till twelve at soonest.

B. Good. Then what's to be done in the night?

Fran. For the night, Sir, you must be sure never to go home 'till towards one; then in your way as you go, you must take occasion to beat two or three Watchmen, and break all the Windows that dare oppose ye.

B. Good. This is something harsh, methinks, for a Learner: then to break windows shews too much like Confederacie with the Glasiers: and for a Gentleman to correspond with Mechanicks, is, I fancie, very odious.

Fran. No matter what you fancie. There is, I confess, a milder way of Night-adventures; and that is, to pass the Watch, give 'em a shilling, abuse the Constable in clean Language, for which he'll thank ye: and instead of breaking windows, to serenade your Mistris. ---

B. Good. No more. I'll serenade my Mother, this very night. Let it be your care to provide Musick; and for a Song or so, you can perform it as well as any Shepherdess in *London*.

Fran. Leave that to me, Sir: In the mean time look ye who comes yonder, to exercise your Courtship. 'Foregad, Mrs. *Loveal*, my old Lady's Woman, the easiest Quarry in the world to enter a young beginner. Go pick her up, and when you've tired that humour pretty well, I'll cross the way and meet you full i'the mouth, and so give you occasion to drop her. (Fran. *retires to a distance.*

Enter *Loveal.*

B. Good. Sweet Lady, your humble Servant.

Lov. O Lord, Sir, I'm in great haste. *B. Good.*

B. Good. Nay, if y'are in haſte, I can be as haſty as you, and keep pace with ye, I warrant ye. I cannot in Conſcience ſee ſuch a Delicate, Little, Plump, Pretty, Young thing, and of ſuch a Raviſhing Air, walk the ſtreets alone, as if diſconſolate and forſaken of all mankinde: I'faith, Madam, you muſt not therefore refuſe me both the Honour and Satisfaction to wait on ye.

Lov. Oh, Sir, excuſe me for that: I am but a Servant my ſelf, and have been but now at the *New Exchange* to buy my Ladies things, who is new come to Town. I know, Sir, a Gentleman of your Quality cannot abaſe your ſelf ſo much, to love ſuch a one as I am.

B. Good. Love, my Dear? never talk of that; for I muſt tell thee, my friend, and ſo forth, (as my Couzen *Wildbloud* has it) *I am an exceeding Honourer of courſe Linnen; 'tis as proper ſometimes in an under Garment, as a courſe Towel to rub and ſcrub me.*

Lov. Pardon me, Sir, I vow you are ſuch an obliging Gentleman --- but I know my Lady expects me.

B. Good. Never trouble your ſelf; ſhe has other affairs to think on. Look you, ſweet Lady, here's a Tavern hard by, where we may have a very convenient Room, and be private. And I proteſt now, I'm ſo taken with your Diſcourſe and Perſon, we cannot part with dry Lips, as they ſay.

Lov. Aye, Sir, but if my Lady ſhould think me long. ---

B. Good. (*aſide*) Defend me! ſhe's more willing than I: do they call this Picking up? ---- This way, dear heart.

Lov. Sir, the next Tavern is downwards.

B. Good. (*aſide*) Now do I tremble all over, when I think what I want to ſatisfie her expectations. 'Slid, if I ſtay with her but three minutes longer, ſhe'll finde where I'm defective, and then I'm ruin'd. --- Aye, Madam, but there's a houſe this way that has better Accommodation: At ſome Taverns the Drawers are ſuch Raſcals, they'll peep, and be troubleſome.

Lov. Well, Sir, I am a Stranger in Town, and therefore ſubmit to your better experience.

B. Good. (*aſide*) Now this damn'd *Frank*, where is ſhe?

Enter Frank.

Fran. Sir *Thomas Whimſey*, your moſt humble Servant.

B. Good. Honeſt Rogue, how doſt thou? come along with me;

I'll tell thee the beſt Jeſt. *Exeunt* B. Goodfeild *and* Frank.

Lov. (*Looking after them*) Now, may I never live to ſee *Darby-ſhire*, and the well-meaning Country-Gentlemen again, if this be not a pitiful trick: The firſt man that ever made Love to me in *London*, ſerve me thus; offer me the Wine-tavern, and then run away, without taking his leave too? Now out upon him: I have been often deceived in my life, but never in ſo few words before. Sir *Thomas Whimſey* quoth a? well, my comfort is, I know no ſuch *Whimſeys* in the Country. There, if a young man offers Kindneſs to a young maid, he will go thorough-ſtitch with it; which does the poor Soul good at heart. And--- Oh me! it ſtrikes two a clock. Madam I come, I come Madam, I come, I come. *Exit running.*

SCENE III.

Enter *Docket* and *Spruce.*

Dock. WHere's *Daſhwel?*

Spr. At the Office, Sir.

Dock. 'Tis well: Go bid my Niece come hither.

Spr. Yes, Sir. *Exit.*

Dock. This Niece of mine is much offended at her confinement; but it's no matter: ſhe's young and handſome, and I am old and wary. If ſhe be known abroad, ſhe'll quickly get a Huſband, and that will be no ſmall Nuſance to my Eſtate: For though her Father deviſed her and 6000 *l.* to my tuition, with proviſo, that if ſhe marries without my conſent, then to forfeit the ſaid ſum; Yet if ſhe happens to be well marri'd, and without diſparagement, what the Chancery may decree in this Caſe, I know not.

Enter Lucia, Spruce.

Dock. Niece, I have conſidered of your grievances, which you moved at Dinner; but I perceive you are young, and do not weigh things with diſcretion. Should I ſuffer ye to go abroad, or let people come to ye, ſome vain idle fellow with a white Perriwig and a long Sword, would marry ye, Niece, d'you mind me? would marry ye; and then you're undone. --- Look ye, Niece, *Abundans cautela non nocet*, pray obſerve that.

Luc. In the mean time, Sir, the continual impriſonment of my Chamber is inſufferable: I'm ſure it is very prejudicial to my health; and

and I'm troubled with ſuch a Head-ach, fleſh and bloud is not able to endure it.

Dock. Nay, good *Lucy*, never talk of that, but conſider the Maxime: *A private damage is to be ſuffered, rather than a publick inconveniencie.* Your diſtemper concerns only your ſelf, Niece: But ſhould I ſee you marri'd to one of thoſe Fops I told you of but now, it would break my heart. ---

Spr. (aſide) Yes, no doubt, to part with her Portion. ---

Dock. Yet becauſe you ſhall not ſay I'm made of Marble, and have no conſideration of your Infirmities, look ye, Niece, you and your Maid ſhall have a turn in the *Temple-Garden* this Evening, and there taſte the ſweet air of the *Thames.* What wou'dſt thou have more, poor thing?

Luc. Beſides, Sir, by reaſon of this ſtrict life you impoſe upon me, I have forgot all the Education my Friends had heretofore given me.

Dock. You would ſay, you have loſt your Dancing; I underſtand ye: 'Tis no matter, a modeſt woman ſhould not Dance well. You have not loſt your Singing, I'm ſure; yo'are often practiſing: yet it were better if you cou'd onely ſing Pſalms.

Luc. What to do, Sir? you ſeldom let me go to Church.

Dock. It is not neceſſary: You have good Books at home, read them: There's *The whole duty of man*; think of that, Niece, think of that.

Luc. So I do, Sir, as much as poſſible I can; but---

Dock. 'Tis enough. I underſtand what you wou'd ſay; but you wou'd have ſome of theſe naughty Plays. Niece, I muſt tell ye, they are not good for ye, and let that ſuffice: Yet ye ſhall have variety, Niece. Look ye, I'll buy ye the *Seven Champions*, and I think, *Daſhwel* has *Clark's lives of Famous men*; I'll borrow that of him, and you ſhall read that too: And for Education, you ſhall have enough, *Lucy.* I ſcorn it ſhould be ſaid that any of my Bloud ſhould want Education. *Daſhwel* ſhall teach ye French, he underſtands *Littleton* perfectly well: And if you pleaſe, I'll have a Maſter come and teach ye to caſt Account, and write Short-hand. ---

Spr. Sir, here's Madam *Goodfeild* newly light out of her Coach, and coming up ſtairs.

Dock. Away, Niece, here's a Client of Quality coming, and I

wou'd not have you ſeen in this dreſs for the world. *Exit Lucia.*

Enter Goodfeild and *Loveal.*

Good. Is that your Maſter?

Spr. Yes, Madam.

Good. Mr. *Docket*, I am come now, only to tell you I cannot ſtay; I muſt only acquaint you with my buſineſs, and be gone again.

Dock. Firſt, Madam, let me bid you welcome. *(Salutes her.)* Now, Madam, if you pleaſe to ſit by me, here in this Chair, I am for you. --- *Spruce*, reach me Pen, Ink, and Paper, to take inſtructions.

Good. You muſt know then, good Mr. *Docket*, that I come to you with Commendations from my Lady *Simple* of *Darbyſhire.*

Dock. Yes, Madam, I know her very well: her Huſband, old Sir *Simon*, late deceas'd, was the very firſt Client I ever had.

Good. God bleſs her good Ladyſhip, ſay I, for ſhe's my good Neighbour; but let that paſs: I love few words, Mr. *Docket*, and thoſe to the purpoſe. ---

Dock. My own humour directly. ---

Good. You muſt know then, Mr. *Docket*, that I have a one and only Daughter in the Country, her name is *Elizabeth Goodfeild*, (you may ſet her down, if you pleaſe) a wild Wench ſhe is, and therefore 'tis high time to marry her, (but you need not ſet that down.) Now, Sir, my good Lady *Simple* has but one Son, who ſince his Fathers death, is Sir *Alexander Simple*, (pray ſet him down;) and my Lady *Simple* and I conſidering that 'tis better to wed over the *Mixon*, than over the *Moor*, as they ſay in our parts, (but you need not ſet that down.) Therefore, Mr. *Docket*, we two Mothers, like loving Neighbours, have concluded to marry together.

Dock. You mean your Children, but I underſtand ye: Very good.

Good. My Lady *Simple*, Sir, is very badly handled with the Gout, that's the plain truth on't; and therefore ſhe can't travel: And for Sir *Alexander*, he being the only Sprig of the Family of the *Simples* remaining, we were not willing to venture him to ſuch a naughty Town; he might not only have been ſpoil'd himſelf, but done my Daughter no good too. For you know, Mr. *Docket*, Huſband and Wife are but one fleſh.

Dock.

Dock. 'Tis very true, Madam, there's a ſcurvy Diſeaſe here in Town, which many a man gets, beſides the Simples.

Good. To conclude, Sir, I am intruſted of all hands, to come to you, as my Lady *Simples* Lawyer, to take care with you that my Daughter be well feofft in ſomething: For the truth is, Mr. *Docket*, her Father, honeſt Juſtice *Goodfeild*, before he died, ſet her a very good Portion, namely 5000 *l.* which you know requires a good Joynture.

Dock. For that, Madam, let me alone; but will you have it by way of Uſes, Feoffment, Bargain and Sale, Leaſe and Releaſe, Fine and Recovery, or how? The uſual way, is by way of ſettlement to certain Uſes; but then I muſt know the names of your Feoffees in truſt: And here Madam, there needs no Livery nor Attornment.

Good. For my part, I underſtand not a word you ſay: but here's your Fee, Mr. *Docket*; and I'll ſend *Steven Trupenny*---

Spr. Sir, here's Mr. *Truman*, without.

Dock. Let him attend, and do you bear him company. *Exit Spr.*

Good. And as I was ſaying, Sir, I'll ſend my Steward *Stephen Truepenny* to ye; he can draw Bonds and Conditions, and he'll acquaint you with the very inſide of this buſineſs. In the mean time you ſee I cannot ſtay now: I go hence to viſit a Nephew, a Turkie Merchant in the City, with whom I ſup; but I ſha'not fail to be at my Lodgings within an hour after Sun-ſet, at furtheſt.

Dock. Then, Madam, give me leave to wait upon you at your Return, and at the ſame time I'll conſult with your Steward about this Affair.

Good. Sir, you ſhall be heartily welcome. I have two or three Bottles of *Darby* there, which I brought up in my Coach, (for I hate your *London*-Drink) you'll ſay when you taſte it, 'tis the beſt you ever drank. Till then, God be with you, good Mr. *Docket*, I ſhall not fail to be at home.

Dock. I'll wait on ye to your Coach, Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Truman, and *Sprnce.*

Tru. To one Sir *Alexander Simple*, ſayſt thou?

Spr. Yes, Sir.

Tru. But is her Daughter in Town?

Spr. No; the two young people remain with the old Gouty Lady in the Country.

Tru.

Tru. There's the Devil. ---

Spr. But I have better news for you, Sir; Madam *Lucia* and her Maid have leave to be in the *Temple*-Garden this Evening.

Tru. That's well.

Spr. And her Maid bid me take care to let you know it.

Tru. That's better: I will not fail to meet her.

Spr. Whist; not a word more, as you hope to be Knighted.

Enter Docket.

Dock. Mr. *Truman*, I sent for you, this morning, by my man.

Tru. You did Sir, and you see I'm come according to the Summons.

Dock. Yo'are welcome. Look ye, Mr. *Truman*, you and I have often treated about this Mortgage. I have now considered of it; and you shall know my resolution in few words. Look ye, Mr. *Truman*, I will not have you say that *Summum jus est Summa injuria.* Therefore mind me, Sir: you know you owe me 6000 *l.* Principal.

Tru. Well, Sir.

Dock. Besides this, there is above 300 *l.* due for Interest, and about 200 *l.* fairly reckon'd for Costs which I have been at in outing your Tenants, and recovering quiet Possession of your Estate; that's 500 *l.* Now observe me, Mr. *Truman*, I'll pay you down 500 *l.* more upon the Nail; all which Sums amount to 7000 *l.* And for this, you shall confirm the Estate to me and my Heirs for ever, with a General Warranty *contra omnes gentes*, and pass a Fine of the said Estate, *Come ceo que il ad de son done.* And so you and I will continue good friends, Mr. *Truman.*

Tru. So in effect, you will have an Estate of 500 *l.* a year in the best Lands in *Hartfordshire*, all improvable, with 100 Acres of Timber, and all this for 7000 *l.* And so you and I shall continue good Friends.

Dock. As any live, I protest.

Tru. Never upon these Conditions, I assure ye. Look ye, Mr. *Docket*, you would have me confirm the Estate above-said, upon the Conditions aforesaid.

Dock. Aye.

Tru. Nay mind me, Sir; you would have me pass a Fine upon the said Estate, with Warranty to you and your Heirs for ever.

Dock.

Dock. Aye.

Tru. First the Devil ſhall have you and your Heirs for ever; obſerve me, Mr. *Docket.* And beſides this, I would have ye take notice, and if you think fit, ye may put down the *Memorandum* in your Almanack; I will take in my Mortgage within two days, and that malgré your damn'd Worſhip, and all your Confederates in Hell, d'you mind me? And ſo farewel, Mr. Attorney *Docket.* *Exit.*

Dock. Oh, farewel Huff, if y'are ſo impatient.

Go, ſpend your greaſe, vain Fop, fret, ſwell, and vex:
I laugh at idle words, with *Currat Lex.* *Exit.*

Act II.

SCENE I. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter Truman, and *Ned Goodfeild.*

N. Good. HEre's no appearance of the Game you expect.

Tru. No matter: It is yet too early. I confide in my intelligence; my Lawyer's Clerk never fail'd me.

N. Good. Is your Correſpondent that dull Beaſt that brought you the Meſſage from his Maſter this morning?---

Tru. Oh Plague on him, no: Mine is a briſk fellow that has Senſe and Ingenuity in him. All of the Tribe are not like *Daſhwel* and *Docket*; if they were, here would be no living among 'em: They would infect the Town worſe than the Sickneſs, or Pox. --- In the mean time, *Ned*, you little think what your good Mother comes up about.

N. Good. Haſt thou learnt that? 'prethee tell me---

Tru. Not ſo haſty; the News is not ſo welcome. You muſt know then, Mr. *Edward*, that your old woman has agreed with another old woman in the Country, to match your Siſter to her Son; and ſhe has now made this Journey to diſpatch the ſettlements of Marriage, and ſo forth: So that my Intereſt in the party aforeſaid, is dwindled to nothing.

N. Good. D'you know the Son's name?

Tru.

Tru. Yes; Sir *Alexander Simple*---

N. Good. 'Tis enough. Remember that I tell ye, *Jack*, it lies not in the power of Fate to make up the Match. The old people may pleaſe themſelves in talking, but 'tis the young ones muſt do in theſe caſes. I know *Simple* well enough; he has a large Eſtate indeed, but is the verieſt Coxcomb in ten Counties. And for my Siſter, I am ſufficiently aſſured, ſhe'd rather come to *London* and ſell Oranges, than marry him, of all the Cullies in *England*. ---- But who are theſe?

Enter Lucia, and her Maid.

Tru. This is the Lady, *Ned*, into whoſe good Graces I muſt introdue thee. What thinkſt thou of her?

Good. She ſeems a delicate Creature, and full of Sweetneſs. Let us engage 'em.

Tru. I thought I ſhould not ſtave ye off. Allons. --- Madam *Lucia!* I know not to what kind Star I owe this happineſs; but to ſee you here, compleats my joys.

Luc. Mr. *Truman*, your Servant. You are always in this ſtrain--- What Gentleman is that?

Tru. My very particular Friend. Let me beg you, Madam, to gratifie his ambition with the favour to kiſs your fair hand.

Luc. Being your friend, Sir, he has ſufficient merit to commend him to the moſt noted Beauty of the Town. You paſs too great a Complement on me, I aſſure ye, Mr. *Truman*.

Good. Your pardon, Madam. As to be noted, is not always to be a Beauty, ſo I finde, to be the moſt noted Beauty, is not to be the Greateſt or the beſt. Witneſs your ſelf: it is in your example, Madam, I perceive, that Fame neither ſpeaks always truth, nor all truths.

Luc. Nay, Gentlemen, never railly me in this manner: I'd rather you would call me ugly in plain intelligible expreſſions, than laugh at my ill face in you fine Language. My Glaſs tells me what I am, better than all the Courting Monſieurs 'twixt *Ludgate* and the *Abby*.

Tru. Oh, Madam, Ladies are no Competent Judges of their own Beauty.

Good. They alwaies value it too much, or too little.

Luc. On the other ſide, Gallants that are always praiſing their Miſtriſſes

Miſtriſſes Beauty, at the ſame time diſpraiſe their own Wit. 'Tis to be preſumed, their Common-place runs all on that Subject, and they have no other matter to diſcourſe of. --- Therefore, if you pleaſe, Gentlemen, we'll talk of ſomething elſe.

Good. (*aſide to* Truman) Oh how I love her for this! her Wit is equal to her Face.

Tru. Faith, Madam, let us improve the time as well for action as diſcourſe; let us all to the Park this inviting Evening: My Coach will be ready in three minutes.

Luc. Mr. *Truman*, you ſpeak like a ſtranger to my condition. I am but a Priſoner at large, and my Fetters reach not farther than this Garden.

Tru. All Curſes on the damn'd Gaolor, your Uncle.

Luc. Mr. *Truman*, I have always lookt upon you as my friend. --- Alas, I have but few. --- (*weeps*) My Confinement is a Diſeaſe, and I fear will prove my death.

Good. Madam, this Gentleman and I, have but one heart: Either direct us how to ſerve you, or be pleaſed to ſubmit to our advice, and I'll ſecure your Liberty before to morrow-night; that Devil of an Uncle ſhall no longer abuſe ſuch Innocence.

Enter B. Goodfeild, and *Frank*.

B. Good. Obſerve, *Frank*; is not that my Brother, ſo buſie with yonder Lady?

Fran. Yes I vow, or my eyes are the verieſt Lyers in *London*.

B. Good. What a Devil makes he in Town? he's as great a ſtranger here as I am. When we left the Country, was not he at *Cambridge*?

Fran. We all thought ſo: As ſure as can be, this is ſome Miſtriſs. But what's he that ſtands with him?

B. Good. He ſeems much a Gentleman. I'm reſolved to make one of the Company: My Brother can never know me in this Diſguiſe. Have among'e, e'faith. ---- *Gallants, are ye for Love alone, Converſation alone, or Love and Converſation together?*

Tru. Why, young Bully?

B. Good. If ye are for Love alone, I'll leave the Lady to ye, and *Bien proface Meſſieurs*. If ye are for Converſation alone, why then Gentlemen, pray learn to be civil, and you two go together by your ſelves; 'tis rude to ſtay here, and over-hear our diſcourſe, when the Lady and I would be private. ---

Good. This is the maddeſt young Raſkal I ever ſaw in my life.

B. Good. But if ye are for Love and Converſation together, why then, faith, let us ſhare the bleſſed Community; here are four men to two women: A good proportion for Town-Ladies; two to two is only fit for Nuns that have vow'd Chaſtity: But I hope, Madam, you are not ſo vain to think of that. --- *(Offers at her hand.*

Luc. Away, rude fellow. ---

Good. Belike you think your ſelf a man then. Alas, poor thing, thou art below a kicking; --- but be gone, or ---

B. Good. Not ſo faſt, Sir; be I man or boy, or whate're I am, I won'd have thee know, Bully-hec, I am able to give ſatisfaction to any man in the Bed of Honour. --- No more huffing. If you are minded to ſpeak to me *By the way of Bilbo* (as the Play has it) *I'll anſwer ye by the way of Dangerfeild.* Hark ye--- *(They whiſper.*

Maid. Nay, never urge me, I ſwear I will not: it is not handſome to tell Names.

Fran. Alas poor Creature, thou doſt not underſtand what belongs to a Waiting-Damſel; it is part of her office to diſcover her Lady's Secrets. I perceive by this, thou art but a *Callow-maid*--- and o'my Conſcience a Virgin.

Maid. A Virgin? Aye, a pure one.

Fran. Fie, fie, Sweet-heart, learn more behaviour; though perhaps, you are ſuch, you ſhould not acknowledge it. Shou'd you talk thus before Company, you'd be laught at for being ſo out o'the Mode. A Maidenhead of this bigneſs? out upon't!

Maid. Now, fie upon you; y'are the ſtrangeſt man, I ever talkt with.

B. Good. ---- And without Seconds; if you fail, I'll poſt ye for a Coward: I know your name; *Goodfeild.*

Good. Spare your provocations. I'll meet thee, though thou wert the Devil in the ſhape of a Boy: as thou mayſt be for ought I know, by thy intelligence.

B. Good. Well, Sir, now you and I have agreed, I am your very humble Servant. In the next place, I muſt borrow a few words of your friend that ſtands yonder, ſo like a civil Gentleman, and has not a word to ſay for himſelf. *B. Good. and* Truman *come forward, the reſt walk farther off.*

Tru. With me? What would the Child have with me? Come, ſpeak thy mind quickly, little fellow, thou ſeeſt I am engaged.

B. Good.

B. Good. You would ſay, with Monſieur *Palamede*, that *Y'are a man of buſineſs*: Yes, no doubt on't. I ſuppoſe, ſweet Sir, you are one of thoſe hard Students, whoſe delight is continually to affront *Littleton* and the Law, by writing Farce, to be laught at by the Player-women *en Chivalier*; or elſe *en Debauché* to huſſah for a Wench, be perpetually drunk, and break your friends windows that go to bed before ye.

Tru. So: And this you ſuppoſe my Character?

B. Good. Yes: with only this Addition: Yo'are a man of a very excellent temper, you are not eaſily provoked neither to Anger nor Raillery. Come, ſhall I anſwer for you? As ſure as can be, you either wou'd or ſhou'd ſay, *Sweet young Gentleman*, or *Sweet Sir*, or *Plain Sir*, or ſomething to that purpoſe; *You ſee I have been lately diſcourſing with a Lady, and as I hope to breathe now, ſhe has drawn me ſo dry, and all that---I have not Language enough left me to ſay, Your Servant, Sir.* --- Come, Sir, confeſs ingenuouſly, wou'd you not have ſaid thus, if you cou'd?

Tru. Said thus; quoth a? why thou ſayſt ſo faſt, thou wou't not let me ſay a word in thy preſence. --- What a Devil art thou? whence com'ſt thou? thou art the perteſt little thing I ever met with.

B. Good. Perhaps, Sir, I have wrong'd ye, and ye are a Wit. For (as the Play ſays) *All Wits have their failings, and have the fortune to be thought Fools once in their lives*; and who knows but this is your critical minute?

Tru. So, ſo; thou art a very forward ſtripling, and doſt begin betimes to be bolder than welcome. Thou mayſt thank thy Childhood for this Liberty: If thou wert a man, I ſhould talk to thee in another Dialect.

B. Good. Then it ſeems, Sir, you can talk to a man, though not to a boy: but can you talk to a woman? Suppoſe me a woman a little, though *As arrant a Fruit-woman as any is in* Rome; *de grace Monſieur*, how would you behave your ſelf?

Tru. Away, Boy; if thou haſt any buſineſs with me, diſpatch it: Time's precious, and I can waſte no more.

B. Good. Nay, never mince the matter. If I were a woman, I know what you'd do. Firſt of all, you'd pelt me with two or three little pretty *deux yeux*: Then off goes the Hat, thus, and out

combs the Comb, thus; and after having friskt o're the bottom of your Periwig a little, and exalted the foretop thus, you would make Love according to the latest fashion, thus --- *Sweet Lady, you have here a man to your minde: For to confess the truth to you, I am but counterfeit Love to try you. Gad, Madam, I never yet could love any woman: and since I have seen you, and I do not, I am certain now I shall scape for ever.*

Tru. Why thou art a very impudent fellow to talk of things so much above thee. Alas, poor childe! thou dost not understand what belongs to Love, nor won't these seven years.

B. Good. Forbear such frightful words; I am not so young, wise Sir, but I understand what Love is: *'Tis the seducer of Virtue, the disturber of Quiet, the madness of Youth, the dotage of old Age, the enemy to good Humour, and, as the Play says very well, The reason of all unreasonable Actions.*

Tru. Child, is this all you know of Love? ---

B. Good. No: Love was thus from the beginning; our Grandfathers knew as much as this. In our Age the face of Love is very much alter'd. Our Gallants have wisely considered, Love has been made too common, trite, and out of fashion, that, though there is something belonging to the thing that is very useful and much affected, yet the damn'd Name is hateful; and both Sexes have agreed, though their designes be never so sensual, to disown the scandal of Love, and call it *Gallantry*, *Mirth*, and *Raillery*. Love, out upon't! 'tis got into all places, though never so improper and absurd. Have ye not *London a Maze*, *Love in a Tub*, *Love in a Wood*, nay, *Love in a Nunnery*, and *Love in a Tiptkin*?

Tru. Hold a little, thou everlasting Talker; I think I must stop thy mouth: Let me view thee well; things of thy age, are not usually thus witty. I begin to love thy humour. ---

B. Good. Then, *Woe, woe to poor* Benito, *I finde my abundance of Wit has ruin'd me.* Dare you name Love, when yo've heard me declare so much against it? Farewel, Sir--- (*Is going, but turns again.*) Yet if you have Courage enough to be Loves Champion, I defie you upon't; and will attend you to morrow-morning at five, neer *Lambs-Conduit*, if you dare meet me.

Tru. I dare.

B. Good. Adieu then, *Jusque a revoir.*

Tru.

Tru. Nay, but one word more; ſtay a little---

B. Good. Not a moment: I never talk with Enemies. Your are engaged: Look, your company expects you. ---- Come *Frank*,

Exeunt B. Good. and *Fran.*

Good. What haſt thou been doing all this while, *Jack*, with that Boy?

Tru. 'Tis a witty Impertinent, and Raillies well.--- But how go affairs with you? what have you reſolved on?

Good. Faith, we are not come to Reſolutions, but ſo far from that point, that this Lady is pleas'd to refuſe whatever I propoſe. She is too much her own enemy, and too great a friend to ſomething that looks like Honour, to admit us to ſerve her.

Luc. Excuſe me, Sir, you have obliged me much in ſuch generous offers, but I have many Reaſons not to uſe 'em. Mr. *Truman*, you are beſt acquainted with my condition, and therefore can beſt judge of what I tell ye. Should I leave my Uncle, (though his uſage is both unhandſome, and unnatural) I ſhall not onely looſe my Fortune, for my Father has committed both me and it to his Arbitration. ---

Good. Madam, I value not your Fortune, I am already Maſter of ſo liberal an Eſtate, I care not to encreaſe it. If you pleaſe to make me happy in your perſon, I'll venture looſing, what your Uncle covets.

Luc. That, Sir, is the leaſt of all my thoughts: And had I not that to think on, yet I can ne're conſent to leave ſo neer a Relation, to whoſe Government my dying Father gave me, without, not only his Conſent, but Knowledge: And that too, with two young men. This, Gentlemen, (although I do not queſtion in the leaſt your Honour) is ſo very ſcandalous, I never can admit it.

Tru. Your Uncle has juſtly forfeited his Truſt, abuſing it: and, Madam, you may well be confident your Father never fanci'd him for ſuch a Guardian, when he firſt named him yours.

Luc. Sir, I not doubt it. And though I ſigh for death or a more pleaſing life,--- yet I had rather ever continue thus wretched as I am, than be made happy, by any means that gives the leaſt offence or prejudice to the ſpotleſs Fame of an innocent Maid.

Good. In the mean time, Madam, will you make me ſo happy as to let me hope I may hereafter be admitted to your ſervice when you ſhall be a more abſolute Miſtris of your ſelf, and free from the conſtraint of ſuch a Guardian?

Luc.

Luc. Provided, Sir, you uſe no violent means to accompliſh ſuch a freedom. I am not ſo ungrateful to forget a friendſhip, nor yet ſo dull as not to apprehend who has obliged me. --- But Gentlemen, no more. --- You muſt not know me: This is one of my Uncle's Spies.

Enter Daſhwel.

Daſh. Miſtriſs *Lucia*, my Maſter deſires to be recommended to you, and has ſent me to conduct you home; he and I are juſt going forth about buſineſs, and he deſires to ſee your Ingreſs before our Egreſs.

Luc. So: Have ye any other Commendations from your Maſter?

Daſh. Non ſum Informatus: That is to ſay, in Engliſh, He gave me no farther Inſtructions.

Luc. Then come along.

Good. Mr. *Daſhwel*, your humble Servant: Pray, Sir, *quota cloka?*

Daſh. Sweet Sir, I think it is neer *octa hora:* Your Servant Gentlemen.

Good. Farewel Cods-head. *Exeunt Daſh. Luc.* and *Maid.*

Tru. Now, *Ned*, what doſt thou think of this Lady?

Good. I think ſo well of her, that I think the worſe of thee for bringing me acquainted with her to no purpoſe.

Tru. Why to no purpoſe?

Good. You ſee ſhe admits not my Addreſſes.

Tru. Thou art a Fool, *Ned*; and though thou haſt ſtudied ſo long at the Univerſity, thou art very illiterate in Women. Why all her diſcourſe was nothing but *I will* and *I won't:* and when they are once arrived at that, they need but little Courting.

Good. I perceive thou art very learned in this ſort of Philoſophy, *Jack:* I think I had beſt get thee to read to me.

Tru. Read, quoth a? no faith it needs not, I have it all by heart. In the firſt place, you muſt know, Friend mine, Women are not now ſo dull, and unapprehenſive, as in former Ages: For juſt as times and ſeaſons change, ſo Behaviour grows more polite; of which, the particular we diſcourſe of, is one of the chief Examples. Antiently Girls had ſuch a groſs Education, that moſt of them knew neither to read, Bawdry; nor write, Aſſignations; their Parents

rents not caring to improve their judgment to be more capable than to diſtinguiſh betwixt their Huſbands Doublet and Breeches; which not only made them aſhamed to demand what moſt they wanted, but alſo when they had occaſion to do ſo, or ſo, --- Gad, they durſt not, though one and twenty years old, without their Mothers leave.

Good. But in this Age---

Tru. Aye, *Ned*, in this Age they begin to refine their Behaviour, and have found out the way of ſpeaking, and yet not ſay a word.

Good. How *Jack?* to ſpeak, and not ſay a word? that's a ſtrong Line.

Tru. No matter, *Ned*, you have been us'd to ſuch at the place from whence you come. I ſay, they can ſpeak their minde, and yet not ſay a word. And beſides this, when they ſpeak, they have invented ſuch a delicate Language, that they will talk with you an hour together, and all the while diſcover a ſence quite different from their words. The advantages they have acquired from Habits and Dreſs, to ſupply the defects of Nature in ſpite of mankinde, I'll omit.

Good. Aye, prethee do: 'Tis a Subject only proper to Taylors and Tyre-women.

Tru. By the way, *Ned*, I muſt tell thee, I am of opinion, the Myſtery of Dreſs is now arrived to its utmoſt perfection; and muſt of neceſſity, like the Roman Empire, decay in after-Ages.

Good. Thou talk'ſt high, *Jack*.

Tru. Not ſo high as the Ladies Toors. I tell thee, *Ned Goodfeild*, 'tis a frightful thing to ſee ſome women, that paſs for Beauties in due time and place, undreſs'd: I do not mean naked; but only their face without the Toor, Shades, Locks, Hollows, Bullies, and ſome tranſitory Patches.

Good. But to let all this paſs for this time. You obſerved the young fellow was here but now?

Tru. Aye, what's the matter?

Good. Is he not ſome little Bully here about *Fleetſtreet?*

Tru. No: I know 'em all, but never ſaw his eyes before: But why all theſe inquiries?

Good. Nothing; but the little Waſp has challenged me, and I'm to meet him to morrow-morning at four, in *Redlyon-fields.*

Tru.

Tru. Why this is the maddeſt Rogue I e're heard of. He has challenged me too, to be at five, neer *Lambs-Conduit*. Belike, *Ned*, he makes nothing of thee; he has done thy buſineſs in imagination, and has choſen me for a ſecond courſe to Breakfaſt. Two Duels in a morning are pretty fair, for ſuch a young beginner.

Good. I rather think he'll meet neither on's. I fancie he neither lookt nor ſpoke like a Fighter. However, I'll not venture the diſgrace of failing in ſuch an occaſion. I'm reſolved to obſerve the place and time appointed.

Tru. And I. 'Tis poſſible the Encounter may be pleaſanter than we imagine. I am much of thy opinion, *Ned*: He did not at all behave himſelf like a Killer of men. ---

Good. But hark ye, *Jack*, you muſt not be ſeen with me, for I'm to meet without Seconds.

Tru. No fear of that: I have another field appointed, at ſufficient diſtance.

Good. Come, let's go finde out ſome Company and be merry. This Garden is unpleaſant, now the Lady's gone. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Boy conducting Docket *and* Daſhwel.

Boy. PLEAS'd, Sir, to repoſe a while in the Dining-room: I expect my Lady's Return every minute.

Dock. Well ſaid: But hark ye, Youth, is Mr. *Trupenny* about the houſe?

Boy. Yes, Sir, he's a writing above in his Chamber.

Dock. Prethee, Sweet-heart, tell him here's one *Docket* deſires to ſee him.

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Daſh. D'you hear, Young man? Mr. *Docket* of *Cliffords-Inn*: You muſt ever give things their due Addition.

Boy. Well, Sir. *Exit Boy.*

Dock. Haſt thou brought thy Inkhorn with thee, *Tom*?

Daſh. Yes, yes, Sir, *vouz avez* the Inkhorn, look ye, Sir, but--- alas, I've forgot my Almanack. (*Shews a great Inkhorn.*

Dock. No matter, man, if thou haſt any Paper about thee?

Daſh. O Lord, Sir, I put a whole Quire of Copying-paper in my Pocket, and here's two Quills---- *Dock.*

Dock. Nay, perhaps we may have no occaſion to uſe 'em.

Daſh. But you know, Sir, it's good to be ſure. --- Look ye, Sir, here comes Mr. *Trupenny*. I vow he looks like a very underſtanding man, and one that can do buſineſs: I wonder whether he can write Court-hand.

Enter Trupenny.

Dock. Mr. *Trupenny*, your Servant.

Trup. Your moſt humble Servant, good Mr. *Docket*; I am heartily glad to ſee ye at our Quarters: And I vow you're very welcome, as I may ſay.

Dock. Sir, I thank you. Here's I and my man *Daſhwel* are come to wait upon your Lady, about a little Concern of hers; I ſuppoſe, Sir, you're no ſtranger to it.

Trup. No, Sir; my Lady order'd me to draw up the particulars of Sir *Alexander Simple's* Eſtate, which are to paſs into my young Miſtriſs *Betty's* Joynture. I have been at it e're ſince ſhe went out; and here 'tis in Writing: Look ye, Sir, mine's but an indifferent Hand.

Dock. Good enough, Mr. *Trupenny*, good enough. Let me ſee; here's the Mannor of---uh; and the Mannor of---uh; with the *Advouſon appurtenant --- Appendant* you mean; but I underſtand ye. Then here's 600 Acres of Paſture, and 400 Acres of Meadow--- O fie, that muſt not be, you muſt always put *Pratum* before *Paſtura*: Remember the old Verſe as long as you live, and you'll never do amiſs: *Meſſuagium*, *Toftum*, &c. *Daſhwel* ſhall gi't you in writing.

Daſh. Yes, Sir, with all my heart.

Trup. I thank ye moſt kindly, good Sir; I'll do as much for you at any time.

Dock. Then here's---All, and all manner of Commons thereunto belonging, *In quodam loke vocate be peak juxta Podex Diaboli, anglicè* the Devil's Britch. --- Well, Sir I underſtand ye: I'll e'en take theſe parcels home with me, and put 'em into due order, and ſo we'll proceed. I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Trupenny*, you'll ſubmit to me, as for Form and falſe Latine?

Trup. I Sir, and reaſon good. Form and falſe Latine, Mr. *Docket*? why, if it had not been for that, we need not ha'come to *London*. Our Curate might a made the Joynture well enough, but only for Form and falſe Latine.

Dock. Mr. *Trupenny*, pray will you inſtruct me in one thing?

Trup. With all my heart, Sir, if I can: But it's a likely matter that I ſhou'd inſtruct your Worſhip in any thing, that have been bred all your life-time at the Inns of Chancery.

Dock. O Sir, you are pleas'd to ſay ſo. But pray, Mr. *Trupenny*, what was Juſtice *Goodfeilds* Chriſten-name?

Trup. Anthony, Sir; and I vow to ye, Mr. *Docket*, it was great pitty it was not Sir *Anthony*: For though he was but a Juſtice of Peace and *Coram*, ſo that he could a brought Rogues *Coram nobis* at any time, yet he might a been a Knight, and a good one, both for his Eſtate and Wit.

Dock. Indeed?

Trup. Sir, Let me tell ye; There is my young Maſter *Edward*, who is now at *Cambridge*, God bleſs him, and ſend him well at age, for he lacks not much now. Mr. *Docket*, he will have about a three months hence, 800 a year, good Rents; and after his Mothers death, 600 a year more, which is her Joynture.

Dock. (*aſide*) *Daſhwel*, what think ye, if I ſtrike in with this Widdow, ha, *Tom*?

Daſh. Innuendo Widdow *Goodfeild*, Sir? I proteſt that wou'd be excellent.

Trup. I have the value of all their Eſtate to a penny, in my books at home. Beſides this, their Tenants are able men, and ſpecial Pay-maſters; and indeed, my Lady does oblige 'em to it: For every *Chriſtmas* ſhe calls 'em all to dinner at the Hall: Then have we the Bagpipes, and are ſo paſſing merry. --- But look ye, Sir, here comes my Lady her ſelf: I knew ſhe cou'd not tarry long out, after Sun-ſet.

Enter Goodfeild, Loveal.

Good. O, Mr. *Docket*, y'are welcome. I doubt I've made you expect me too long---But I proteſt now, I've had ſuch a life ſince I ſaw you; I'll go no more into the City an God 'ill.

Dock. Why, I pray, Madam?

Good. Aw Lord, Sir, there is ſuch doings---Here *Loveal*, take my Scarf--- And then, Sir, there are ſuch Cruel noiſes, all along the ſtreets as you go, I dare ſay, it would make ones heart ake to hear 'em. There was a woman, and ſhe cri'd old Stockins, and ends a Gold and Silver; and a little further I met a fellow crying old Shoos and Brooms.

Brooms. For my part, I could not ha'thought that old things had been worth whiſtling for in this Town, where there is ſo much Pride and Ranting. --- Come, Mr. *Docket*, pray take a ſeat by me here. --- But that which will never out of my head, no I ſhall carry it to my grave wi'me, was ſome-body that ſtood juſt behinde my Coach, and cri'd---what was it *Loveal?*

Lov. Mackerel, Madam.

Good. Aye, Mackerel. Mr. *Docket*, if you will believe me, it made ſo hideous a Din, it frighted me out of my place full upon *Loveal* that ſate o're againſt me; and had it not been a great mercie, I had broke her face.

Dock. Pray, Madam, were you never in Town before?

Good. Yes, Sir, once; but I was very young then. It was when I was new marri'd to Squire *Goodfeild:* he brought me up to ſee the Faſhion, and have a new Gown made, and ſo we went down again. But to proceed, Sir, beſide the noiſes, here are ſuch ugly ſmells in every corner---O, *Loveal*, did you obſerve the fine Gentlewoman that light out of the Coach with the Gentleman at the end of the long ſtreet, as we turn'd down the narrow lane by the new Church?

Lov. D'you mean her, Madam, with the great black Toor, and face all ſpotted, with the Flowr'd-ſattin Petticoat laced up almoſt as high as---

Good. Aye, aye, ſhe: I warrant ſhe's nought --- But as I was ſaying, Mr. *Docket*, your ſmells, here in *London*, are moſt wickedly bad: I have been told, the occaſion is your Sea-coal; but I rather think 'tis the ſins of your naughty City, that makes it ſtink above ground. Had not you *Londoners* better come down to *Darbyſhire* and fetch of our Coal from the Pits, which is (though I ſay it) a delicate Fewel, and almoſt as ſweet as green Aſh?

Dock. Indeed, Madam, the Town is offenſive to moſt ſtrangers, in theſe caſes; but if you were to be demorant here a while, that is, to live among us, you would quickly be familiar with theſe things, which otherwiſe are troubleſome to one that Diſcontinues the Viſinage.

Good. Oh, Mr. *Docket*, never talk of that; I wou'd not live in *London*, to be Lady Mayoreſs. --- But now I think on't, ha'you done any thing in my Daughters buſineſs yet?

Dock. Yes, Madam, Mr. *Trupenny* has gi'n me ſufficient Inſtructions for the Conveyance, before your Ladyſhip made your Entry.

Good. I'm glad on't with all my heart; there's ſo much time ſaved. Now have we nothing to do, but to be merry --- *Steven* --- *She whiſpers. Exit Trupenny.* Mr. *Docket*, gi'me your hand: I vow yo'are heartily welcome. Come, Sir, you ſhall taſte a glaſs of our Country-ale, famous all o'er *England* --- Come, Boy, fill out --- obſerve how it flowers and ſparkles: They talk of Canary, but there's no Canary in *England* like it. Well, I ſay nothing: the proof of the Pudding's i'the eating --- Sir, my Service to ye, remembring my good Lady *Simple*, and all our Friends in *Darbyſhire.* *Enter* Trup. & Boy *with Bottles and Glaſſes.* (*Drinks.*

Dock. With all my heart, Madam.

Lov. Come, Sir, You and I'll go into the next Room, where I can entertain ye with more liberty.

Daſh. Aye, with all my heart; I vow I'm under Coverture, as 'twere, while in my Maſters preſence. *Exeunt Lov.* and *Daſh.*

Good. Here, Boy, fill --- I proteſt I had all ſorts of your *London*-Wine at Supper to night, and it has lain ſomething heavy at my ſtomach; but this glaſs of Ale has done me as much good as a cup of *Aqua Mirabilis.* --- Give it Mr. *Docket.*

Dock. Mr. *Trupenny*, here's to ye---My Lady *Simple*'s good Health. (*Drinks.*

Good. Come, *Steven*, ſit down and drink with us. --- Mr. *Docket*, I hate to keep over-much ſtate with my Steward: There is a time when Ladies may be familiar with their Servants, an they were never ſo high and haughty.

Dock. 'Tis very true, Madam.

Good. Aye, Aye, haughty looks muſt be humbled ſometimes, as well as others. --- Mr. *Docket*, d'you take any Tobacco?

Dock. Yes, Madam; but I fear the ſmell may be a Nocument to you.

Good. What do you mean by that, Sir?

Dock. Madam, I mean, it may be a Nuſance to ye; that is, it may offend ye.

Good. Oh, not at all, Sir: nay, you ſhall ſee I can bear you company. Boy, fetch ſome Pipes and a Light; I have my Box about me. *Exit Boy, and Enter again with Lights and Pipes.*

For

For my part, Mr. *Docket*, I'll tell ye truly, I was adviſed to it three or four years ago, for a certain infirmity; and indeed I have continued it ever ſince, and finde a great deal of good by it. It comforts the Stomack, warms the Heart, and cheers the Brain: And then for Rheum, 'tis an excellent drier.

Dock. Nay, Madam, here are women in Town that take Tobacco.

Good. I but they run into a corner to do it, as if they were a going to be nought -- *Steven*, fill me a Pipe -- For my part, I am downright honeſt: I hate diſſimulation. Come, come, there's no ſhame to take it: 'tis neither ſinful, nor unlawful. I ſay, let your women in *London* be aſhamed to take other things, and 'twould be better for 'em -- But, Mr. *Docket*, you don't tell me how you like my Ale.

Dock. 'Tis excellent Drink indeed, Madam.

Good. Has it not a rare Farewel with it? Nay, 'tis brew'd in my own houſe, and I ſee to the working it my ſelf: I put nine Strike to the Hogſhead, I proteſt --

Trup. And as good Mault as any in the Country; though I ſay it: and that's a bold word.

Good. Come, t'other Glaſs, and then we'll taſte our Tobacco -- pray, Sir, make uſe of my Box -- Where ſtands the Ale? Fie, *Steven*, d'you let your Drink die in your hands? put it about, man, put it about.

Trup. Madam, my Service to ye. *(Drinks.*

Good. Well ſaid. Mr. *Docket*, have at ye: Whoſe Health ſhall this be?

Dock. Madam, I ſeldom uſe to drink Healths.

Good. O, Sir, two or three will do ye no harm, in a civil way, I'll ſecure ye -- Come, God bleſs his Majeſty -- *(drinks)* here, boy, fill.

Dock. Gently, good Youth. -- Mr. *Trupenny*, his Majeſty's Health to ye. *(drinks)* Madam, I've done ye right.

Good. You have, Sir: Now gi't *Trupenny*, and reach the Candle. -- Come, Sir -- -- light your Pipe -- *(ſhe lights, and ſpeaks as ſhe takes.)* Let me tell ye -- Mr. *Docket* -- this is a Pipe of -- good -- Tobacco -- 'Tis the very beſt ſort of -- Virginia -- and that's better -- than Spaniſh -- *(Trupenny*, lend me your ſtopper) -- what think ye, Mr. *Docket?*

Dock. Indeed, Madam -- I think it -- is very -- excellent -- To -- bacco -- and has no -- fault -- unleſs it be -- a little too -- hot in the -- mouth.

Good. The better for that, Sir -- but I pray, Mr. -- *Docket* -- are you -- a marri'd man? --

Dock.

Dock. (*bowing*) No, Madam--I am a--Batchelour--at your Service. --

Good. Aw Lord, Sir, -- here *Trupenny*, pick this Pipe; it don't come worth a Rush. -- I vow, Mr. *Docket*, you are a very staid Batchelour, and have liv'd a single man a long time: but I doubt you ha'n't been honest all this while. -- Boy, fill a glass of Ale. Come Sir, you shall give me leave to begin your Mistriss's Health.

Dock. Ah, Madam! (*Bowing and shaking his head.*

Good. Here, *Trupenny*. -- (*drinks*) I am confident, Mr. *Docket*, she must be a very deserving Lady for whom you have waited thus long: And no doubt but you'll meet with some vertuous body that will reward all your patience at the long run, ne're fear it, Sir. For my part, I have been a Widdow now these eight years and upwards, and yet 'tis possible I may marry again before I die: The truth is, I have made no vow against it.

Dock. Ah, Madam! -- (*Bowing and shaking his head, again.*

Trup. Mr. *Docket*, your Lady's good health, Sir. (*drinks*) Look ye, *Super Naculum.*

Dock. Sir, I thank ye. -- Now, young man, give it me, and fill it lustily. So; Mr. *Trupenny*, with my Lady's leave here, I'll begin to you--

Good. Nay, Mr. *Docket*, first p'edge your Mistriss's Health, before ye begin a new one. I love fair drinking, and fair dealing with all my heart: For my part, I can't dissemble.

Dock. Why then, Madam, there 'tis. -- (*drinks*) Now, Madam, after all this, suppose a man shou'd--

Good. Take t'other Pipe?

Dock. No, Madam; make a motion to your Ladyship.

Good. To me, Sir? pray what is't?

Dock. Why, Madam, nothing but -- Sweet-heart, prethee gi'me t'other Glass; I'll have one Health more, and then I'll tell ye. Methinks I begin to be very cheerful. Ha, ha, ha, I can't chuse but laugh at the Jest: this is call'd in our Law, *Idemptitate nominis.* Ha, ha, ha, -- Madam, here's your Ladyships good Health, and I wish it were a Sea to the bottom; Mr. *Trupenny*, here's to ye. (*Drinks.*

Good. Sir, you oblige me.

Dock. Now, Madam, I'll tell ye. You see, Madam, I'm a Batchelor,

chelor, and you ſee withal that your ſelf are a Widdow. Faith, Madam, what think ye, if we two, to ſave charges, and the like, ſhou'd make but one Match on't? You ſee, Madam, I am plain.

Good. I like ye the better for that, Sir; plain dealing's a Jewel: But alas, alas, you can never paſs this upon me.

Dock. Why, pray Madam? d'you think I don't know what belongs to a Widdow?

Good. D'you think I can imagine, Sir, that a man of your practice wou'd ever think of marrying ſuch a one as I am?

Dock. Nay, never talk of that: but gi'me your hand on't, Widdow. You ſee the worſt o'me. Come, ſhall it be, *I* Daniel *take thee* Mary?

Good. Soft Sir, Two words to a Bargain.

Dock. Then conſult thy Pillow upon't, Widdow: You ſhall finde me reaſonable.

Good. Indeed, Sir, that's the fitteſt place where to think of Marriage: But here's my hand, you ſhall know more of my minde to morrow. In the mean time, good night, Sir. *Trupenny*, wait upon Mr. *Docket*. *Loveal.*

Enter Loveal and *Daſhwel.*

Dock. Nay, nay, here's my man: and beſides that, look ye, I am not ſo drunk, but I can find the way home: therefore, Mr. *Trupenny*, you may ſtay, look ye.

Trup. O pardon me for that, Sir; indeed I'll wait on ye home: I know what belongs to breeding.

Dock. Well then, Widdow farewel 'till to morrow. Be ſure ye think of me to night, and think well. If I imagin'd, d'you ſee, you'd think amiſs, I'd ſtay all night, look ye, and correct your thoughts.

Good. No, no, Sir, no fear of that. Good night, good night.

Exeunt Dock. Daſh. Trup.

Lov. The Lawyer's drunk.

Good. No, not ſo; only a little fuddled. But this is for the honour of our Country, wench. An my Lord Mayor were here, and all his Aldermen, I'd ſerve 'em all ſo: 'Tis for the honour of *Darbyſhire*.

Lov. Aye, Madam, and for the honour of our Sex too.

Good. True, Wench; what's a clock?

Lov.

Lov. Paſt eleven, Madam.

Good. O me! 'tis late: let's hye to bed; I am not uſed to theſe late hours. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter B. Goodfeild, Frank, and Muſitians.

B. Good. HEre, Gentlemen, this is the Window. Range your ſelves here, and ſtrike a ſprightly Air.

(Muſick of Violins and Flageolets.

So, enough -- Now, *Frank*, the Song I gave ye.

A SONG,

Which ended, Loveal *appears in the Balconey.*

Lov. Gentlemen, my Lady is but juſt laid down in her naked Bed; but ſhe remembers her Reſpects to ye, and has ſent ye here half a Crown. She ſays, ſhe knows Mr. *Docket* has ſet ye on to welcome her to Town; and ſhe acknowledges the Civility. Then, Gentlemen, here's a Shilling more of my good will: My Name's *Loveal*, and I am my Lady's Woman. I vow, it's the fineſt Muſick I e're heard in my life, and much better than our Country Harp and Bagpipe: And then the Song was ſuch a pretty thing, I'd give any thing for a Copy. --- But 'tis late, and I can't ſtay. Farewel, Gentlemen, and hye ye to bed. Good night t'ye all; I wiſh ye well home. *Exit.*

B. Good. Nay, but hark ye, Damſel.

Fran. She's gone. --- Ah, Plague! This Widdow don't know what belongs to Serenading.

B. Good. She ſhou'd ha'come to the Balconey in her Night-gown, and cri'd, *Who's that comes at this unſeaſonable hour to diſturb my Quiet?* Then I ſhou'd have anſwered in a dying Tone, *'Tis I, forſooth*; and ha'laid all the blame upon Love. Then raiſing my voice, I ſhou'd a huſt, *Allons, Widdow; let me come in to ye, hand to fiſt.* Then ſhe thinking I had been drunk, ſhou'd ha' replied, (as another Play has it very well) *No, Sir, no, -- I wonder you have the confidence to ask me, when you were ſo rude to me the laſt time.* --

Fran. But inſtead of this, ſhe ſhews her Breeding, to keep her Bed, and ne're ſpeak to a Gentleman at all. This is, *A-la-mode de pais, Jerny.* *B. Good.*

B. Good. Did not the Chambriere name one *Docket*, to whom her Lady aſcribes this Civility?

Fran. Yes. What a Devil ſhould he be?

B. Good. I can't imagine. 'Tis no matter: Content the Muſick, *Frank*, and follow me to my Lodging. *Exit.*

Fran. Here, my Maſters, here's that will ſatisfie ye all. Go ---
March boldly home, Sirs, without longer ſtaying.
Fear not the Watch, they'll ſpare ye for your playing.
Exeunt ſeverally.

The Song.

1.

O the little delights that a Lover takes
To tell his dear Phillis *how much he deſpairs;*
How great are his Cares,
And how his heart akes!
Now praiſing, now blaming, now flattering Miſs,
While all the fine ſtory not ſignifies this.

2.

Sure Love can't conſiſt in ill Language and Railing?
To term Miſs a Monſter for Beauty and Parts,
The thief of mens hearts;
Nay, call her for failing
A Tyrant with all ſorts of miſchievous Arms,
And make us believe ſhe's a Witch for her Charms.

3.

Much better in my minde, though leſs like a Poet,
Is plainly to ſhew her, when in a Love-fit,
The meaning of it;
And let her to know it
In ſuch Terms as Nature ſhall dictate and tell us,
And not like ~~your~~ ſcribling Fop-amorous fellows.

Act III.

SCENE I. *A Field.*

Enter Truman, and Goodfeild.

Tru. LOok ye, *Ned*; this is the Champain where you are to do Feats: Mine lies a little lower. But ſtill I ſee no appearance of our little Duelliſt. I'll ſtay a while with thee, 'till he begins to appear; and then I'll retire, and leave thee to his mercie.

Good. Aye, aye, there's no great danger.

Tru. Haſt thou got a Fighting ſword on? 'Sbud, *Ned*, thou art not mad, to venture thy life with this?

Good. Come, waive this Raillery, and let's talk of ſomething elſe.--- Didſt thou obſerve yeſterday, what havock the little Rogue made among the Plays?

Tru. Aye, like *Don Quixot* among the *Romances*, for all the world.

Good. Why, his diſcourſe was almoſt all Dramatick.

Tru. True: but I perceived withal, he did it a purpoſe; and not through any want of Invention, or defect in his own Genius, as your Country-Squire uſes *Wit's Common Wealth*, and the *Academy of Complements*. For, ſometimes you ſhou'd have him ſpeak his own Senſe, and that in very witty Terms too.-- But, e'faith yonder he comes. I vaniſh: Farewel, *Ned*, take heed he hits you not in *Tierce*, when it ſhou'd be in *Quart*. *Exit.*

Good. So, now for my Gameſter.

Enter B. Goodfeild.

B. Good. Oh, Sir, are ye here already? Well, *I perceive you ride the Fore-horſe:* Yet methinks, ye don't look like one prepar'd for Fighting-- Come, 'faith, what ſatisfaction will you give me to take up the Duel?

Good. Satisfaction, quoth a? thou talk'ſt as if I were in a poſture to beg my life. Soft, Sir, it is not come to that yet.

B. Good. No? why then belike you are reſolved to fight? Come, Sir, unbutton.

Good. Stay a little.---

B. Good.

B. Good. Nay, then I perceive you are one of thoſe that *will not rend the Buttons from your Doublet for any man's pleaſure*; and with good Sir *Nicholas*, *Your Conſcience will not let you fight in a wrong Cauſe.* I thought ſo at firſt.

Good. I tell thee, young Sir, thou art much miſtaken: Thou ſha't have fighting enough---but firſt you ſhall hear me---

B. Good. Ad autre, ad autre, this Wheedle won't paſs. I ſee, you are minded to reverſe the laudable courſe of the world; and inſtead of falling from Diſputing to Fighting, you wou'd drill me from Fighting to Diſputing; but this muſt not be among friends; Therefore, reſolve, ſweet Sir, either to give me *Amende honorable*, or fight. Chuſe which you pleaſe: you ſee I am reaſonable.

Good. Oh, very reaſonable! --- I proteſt, it's a ſhame for a man to engage with ſuch a little young Thing: and yet, I vow, I think I muſt be forc'd to chaſtize him when all's done. --- Hark ye, Childe, d'you know what *Amende honorable* ſignifies?

B. Good. Yes, very well. 'Tis only to confeſs your offence on your knees, and aſk me pardon, in certain forms proper to that purpoſe. 'Tis a French Mode of ſatisfaction, and of great uſe among men of Honour. --- Well then, you are willing to perform it?

Good. Not yet: Hold a little. Firſt let me know how I've offended ye, and for what I muſt aſk your pardon?

B. Good. Uds bud, Sir, d'you come here only to aſk Queſtions? --- This is not to be endured: You have waſted my whole ſtock of Patience; and now you ſhall finde me as arrant a Lion, as if ye had call'd my Miſtriſs Son of a Whore. --- Come, Sir, draw. (*Draws.*

Good. Muſt not we uncaſe then?

B. Good. It's no matter; I'll fight you with your Coat on. O'my Conſcience, there's no foul play under it. *Allons.*

Good. Nay then, if ye are deſperate, have at ye. (*Draws.*

B. Good. So, Sir, *to your Guard* --- *Good.* --- I uſe always, before I begin a Duel, to throw off my Perriwig. 'Tis troubleſome in fighting. (*Diſcovers her ſelf.*

Come, Sir, advance. Why don't ye come on? ye ſee I lie open.

Good. --- Siſter --- (*Runs to embrace her.*

B. Good. --- Brother ---

Good. I'the name of wonder, what make you at *London*?

B. Good. Nay, rather, what make you at *London*?

Good. And why in this Diſguize?

B. Good. You ſhall firſt anſwer me; By my Virginity you ſhall. You know what the Play ſays, *For Decencie, the man ſhould offer firſt.*

Good. My Tale is quickly told. I grew weary of *Cambridge*, and came hither to give my ſelf the Divertiſements of the Town. I have been here but three days, and yeſterday my very good friend helpt me to a Miſtriſs, with whom I am deſperately in Love. You ſaw both the parties laſt night in the *Temple*-garden.

B. Good. They ſeem both of much worth.-- But well, Sir, you have, I ſuppoſe, diſcover'd to her *de ver great Affecſhoon vid* which your heart does boil over, and all that?

Good. Yes.

B. Good. And, *She takes it to the death?*

Good. Not ſo: Nor much to the life. I am in the middle Claſs of Lovers.

B. Good. So much the better; Extreams are dangerous.

Good. But, to obſerve the method of Romances, now you have had my Adventure, pray let's know yours.

B. Good. You ſhall. But firſt---hem.

Good. What's the matter?

B. Good. Nothing, nothing.

Good. More tricks ſtill? who's this?

Enter Frank.

B. Good. One, out of whoſe company I never venture my ſelf, as much a man as I am. --- You need not be ſo ſtrange, Brother, 'tis my Maid.

Good. Old Acquaintance! how doſt thou? Let's kiſs a little. How do thy Breeches fit thee? Ha, Wench! (*Is familiar.*

Fran. Out upon ye, Mr. *Goodfeild*, you are the ſtrangeſt man; will ye never leave your old tricks?

Good. Now, Siſter, your ſtory.

B. Good. 'Tis briefly this: My Mother (like a very dutiful Mother i'the mean time) has lately concluded, without my conſent or knowledge, to marry me to Sir *Alexander Simple.* (you know the fool.) And now ſhe's come up to perfect the Match here, as to the Law-part---

Good. All this I know already.

B. Good.

B. Good. That breeds my wonder. --- But to proceed: You may well ſuppoſe I abhor'd to marry ſuch a Coxcomb: 'twas therefore by my Maid's advice, here, I reſolved to follow the old woman, *Incognito*; I performed it, and by good fortune have got Lodgings neer hers: Here I have means to obſerve her progreſs in this Affair, and take all opportunities to interrupt it. And before I left the Country, I reſolved, if I found the buſineſs deſperate on my part, I would never ſee her again, nor leave *London*. Then in few days I had acquainted you at *Cambridge*, where I was, and the occaſion, and ſubmitted my ſelf to your conduct.

Good. Well ſaid, my Girl! thou ſhall looſe nothing by my conduct, unleſs it be thy Maidenhead, to a good Huſband. --- Have not you appointed another Duel this morning?

B. Good. Something of that nature. Your friend that I ſaw with you laſt night, appeared ſo much a Gentleman, and I liked his preſence ſo well, I cou'd not forbear quarrelling with him; or if you had rather have it *Stilo recitativo* --- *E're ſince his bright Eyes, my heart did ſurprize, I cou'd not extinguiſh the flame.*

Good. Nay, nay, your Champion expects you yonder at the place appointed; and let me tell ye, you cannot be more taken with his perſon, than he is with your Wit and Raillery. But when he knows you are my Siſter, he'll be o're head and ears in Love, for he has often heard me ſpeak of ye, and received your Character with much pleaſure. --- Well; you and I have met this morning to fight, and parted without breathing a vein, or ſo; but in all probability your ſecond Duel will have a more bloudy concluſion than the firſt.

Fran. Madam, Madam, fear nothing; your Brother talks thus only to fright ye.

B. Good. Fright me? that's a good one, e'faith! no, *Frank*, I am more a woman than to fear any thing of that nature.

Good. Well, *a propos*; to looſe no more time, and keep neither of ye any longer in ſuſpence, ſhall I conduct ye to him?

B. Good. Stay---were it not better, and more to the honour of our Sex, for you to fetch him hither?

Good. Away, away; are you a man, and ſtand upon ſuch Effeminate Punctilio's? You ſee he has met you half way; and you cannot in honour, but obſerve the appointed place of Combat.

B. Good.

B. Good. So, in effect, the Challenge will prove no better than an Aſſignation.

Good. No matter: 'tis the pleaſanter Encounter; and that ſort of ſingle Combat has leſs of danger in it.

B. Good. As it may happen, Brother. --- But let that paſs. *A ſudden thought is ſprung within my breaſt* (as the new Play has it)--- you ſay he fancies me extreamly, as I am a Boy?

Good. Yes.

B. Good. And withal, he has a very great love for my Name, as I am your Siſter in *Darbyſhire*: I mean, Love by hear-ſay.

Good. 'Tis very true.---

B. Good. Enough. Come along; we'll to him immediately: But obſerve that you do and ſay exactly what I tell ye, as we go.

Good. Well! thou art ſo full o'thy Tricks! *Exeunt.*

Enter Truman.

Tru. Methinks my little Monſieur makes me wait too long: I am almoſt a weary with walking for him. Hum. Suſppoſe he has fought *Ned Goodfeild* in earneſt, and ſo the Conſtables have apprehended them in the Fact, and thereupon conveyed 'em both to a certain place.--- Yet it cannot be ſo, I'm confident; that little fellow cannot be a Fighter --- and yet what a Devil makes him ſo tedious? they might have diſpatcht it one way or other before this time. I long to ſee my young oppoſite; 'tis a very witty Rogue; and I know the Duel will prove but a Wit-combat at moſt --- But theſe delays are naught for Wit, as well as Love and Fighting --- Pox on't, the humour's gone over before we draw our Weapons. --- Well, I'll take t'other Turn, and then--- (*Walks.*

Enter Goodfeild, B. Goodfeild, and *Frank.*

B. Good. Look where he walks yonder, as dull as a Platonick Lover: Is it the thought of Fighting makes him thus penſive?

Good. No, I aſſure you: he's none of thoſe. --- *Jack Truman.*

Tru. (*turning*) Oh, *Ned!* art thou alive ſtill?--- What! my little Bully too? Now I perceive thou art a Boy of thy word. I thought thou would'ſt ha'proved Recreant.

B. Good. Who, I fall back from my own Challenge? Gad, Sir, you have nothing about ye, that I'm afraid of.

Good. Hark ye, *Jack*; a word in private.--- D'you obſerve this little Raſkal? *Tru.*

Tru. Aye, what's the matter?

Good. Little do you think what was his Affair with me this morning--he had no deſigne of fighting.

Tru. Why, I always thought ſo. --- He a fighter? who a Devil can fancie that Smock-face to look like a Hector?

Good. In brief, *Jack*, he is a young fellow of a good Eſtate in our Country; I have often heard of him, but never ſaw him till now: When he challenged me yeſterday, 'twas only to procure a more private opportunity of diſcourſe; and now he tells me, he is much a Servant to my Siſter, and loves her to the laſt point: my Mother knows nothing, but he has made ſeveral addreſſes to her, and finds ſhe is wholly at my diſpoſal, and will never fancie any one, but who I commend: And now he comes to open himſelf to me, and get my good will, as they ſay. ---

Fran. He ſeems moved at this. I warrant him a thorough-paced-Lover.

B. Good. This is the way to trie him, Wench. --- (*Aſide.*

Tru. And ſo; you have conſented?

Good. What a queſtion is there! Have not I engaged my ſelf to thee? -- Thou haſt obliged me with a Miſtriſs, *Jack Truman*; and e'faith I'll fit thy humour with an other. --- As for the Squire there---

Tru. Damn him; does he come hither to diſturb my Amours? -- Hark ye, Country-Gentleman.

B. Good. 'Say ye, Sir?

Tru. Nay, nay, leave your Grimace, and be ſerious: I am not diſpoſed to railly. -- I underſtand you pretend to a young Lady in the Country that is my Miſtriſs. Look ye, Miſter---you muſt quit your claim to her, and that quickly too, or I ſhall give your little Worſhip much Correction; d'you minde me? much Correction: for I hate a Rival, and love her extreamly.

B. Good. And never ſaw her in your life? I perceive you are a good Catholick lover, and have a ſtrong implicit faith. It were a happy time for crooked Virgins, and the like, if all Matches might be made thus, without Demonſtration.

Tru. Theſe are but idle words: Come, Sir, to the matter. Will ye ſurrender your Miſtriſs?

B. Good. How, Sir, ſurrender? *Morblew!* d'you talk of ſurrendring;

dring when I come here to bid you battail? --- Look ye, Sir, there's Mr. *Goodfeild* on your ſide, if he pleaſe, and I have here my friend to oppoſe him; ſo that we are provided of Seconds: But I confeſs I had rather fight ye ſingle.

Tru. Aye, aye, let it be ſo. --- But I cou'd wiſh---

B. Good. That I wou'd ſurrender without fighting---

Tru. No: that thou wert more a man, and then I need not bluſh at ſuch a little Conqueſt.

B. Good. For my part, I'll be ingenious. I confeſs I have been a ſervant to your Miſtriſs; and to tell ye true, I have been very familiar with her: therefore, look ye, I care not two pins if I do quit her to ye, for once; but I muſt tell ye, you'll have no ſuch Prize of her. She's damnably Crooked, and all that: then ſhe paints like the Devil: ſhe has a Mouth like a Monſter: and is blinde of one Eye: her Noſe, I confeſs, is a rich one; but (to be brief) ſhe has the pooreſt Preſence that e're ye ſaw in a woman. Then for her Wit and Genius, 'tis as defective as her Beauty. --- With ſuch a Match as this is, give ye Joy, Sir.

Tru. Why, this is not to be endured! I'd rather he had continued ſtill to be my Rival, than thus blaſpheme my Miſtriſs. --- Come, Sir, draw--- *(He draws.*

Good. Hold, *Jack*; be thine own Judge whether ſhe lies, or no. *(Takes off her Perriwig.*

B. Good. Nay, nay, let him run his Miſtriſs through, and ſee who'll repent it.

Tru. Mock me not, friend: can I be ſo happy to find a Miſtriſs in a Rival? --- Oh, Madam!

B. Good. Where was now your good Genius to prompt ye? (as you know who ſays) --- Perhaps you'll ſay my Brother plaid that part. -- Come, put up, put up your Weapon, Sir; you are a little too forward: 'tis not the Mode to quarrel 'till after Marriage.

Tru. Well, Madam, by this fair hand--- *(Takes her hand & kiſſes it.* I vow, I can never forgive the injurie you have done your ſelf and truth, in ſuch a Character: and I am reſolved, e're long, to be revenged on ye for it, to ſome purpoſe.

B. Good. No threatnings, I beſeech you, Sir. Your great Threatners are ever the leaſt performers.

Good. Are you not much ſurpriſed, *Jack*, at this diſcovery?

Tru. Extreamly; but more pleaſed. *Good.*

Good. Nay, I my ſelf was as great a ſtranger to the Intrigue, till this morning. --- Come, you ſhall know all, as we go.

B. Good. Aye, aye, let's return: Now my Duels are over, I have no more occaſion for the open field.

Good. True, Siſter: A private apartment is much more proper for what's like to follow.

Tru. But as we walk, Madam, how are you pleas'd I ſhall treat ye in this diſguize? as a Miſtriſs, or a friend?

B. Good. As a friend, Sir, for life. If you appear too ſervile while I am in Breeches, you will incourage me to wear 'em always.---

Tru. Here's my boy---Honnow, Sirrah, what's the matter?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, this Letter was brought to your Chamber this morning. I have been in queſt of ye at ſeveral places, and at laſt imagined you might be here a walking.

Tru. Look here, *Ned Goodfeild*, this comes to me from *Spruce*, *Docket*'s Clerk; no doubt it contains intelligence of your Miſtriſs --- read it.

Good. (reads) *Sir, my Maſter, the Venerable Attorney Mr.* Docket, *ſallies forth this morning to one Madam* Goodfeild, *a rich Country-Widow, I mean a Wooing, or perhaps ſomething more; for if I can apprehend any thing from what I hear, 'tis poſſible it may ſucceed. He began with her laſt night in no ill hour, and (according to a Widows expedition in theſe affairs) he may meet with his match this morning. --- But this is not the buſineſs of my Letter. If you have any affairs with Miſtriſs* Lucia, *you may uſe your diſcretion. Be at your Chamber, and within theſe few hours you ſhall receive further aſſiſtance from*

Your Servant
J. S.

B. Good. Frank, doſt thou hear? why, this is he that *Loveal* mention'd at the window.

Fran. Aſſuredly.

B. Good. Then have I obliged a poor Lover, and never knew it. No doubt but I have had a great hand in making this Match.

Good. How's that?

B. Good. Being minded laſt night to Gallant my Mother, not dreaming that ſhe had a Servant, I gave her a Song, and the Fiddles, about twelve: to be ſhort, her Maid came to the window, and from her Miſtriſs told us, ſhe knew we were Mr. *Docket*'s Muſick, and very honeſtly confeſt he had much engaged her; or words to that purpoſe.

Good. Gad, ye have done well. Did you but know the nature o'the beaſt, you wou'd not fancie him for a Father-in-Law, of all men living.

B. Good. Oh! what a *Coup d'etourdy* have I committed?

Tru. No more of that: 'Tis a very happy accident, and will conduce much to our advantage, for a Reaſon that I know. --- In the mean time, *Ned*, we muſt be active: 'Tis a ſhame that young people ſhou'd be outſtrip'd in their Amours, by two ſuch old Creatures, that have not known what Love is, and the true ends of Marriage, theſe twenty years. Let's ſee who ſhall be married firſt of all us, and the Devil take the hindmoſt. --- I am for this morning.

Good. And I.

B. Good. Nay, nay, though the old folks doat, and are haſty, it wou'd not become us to do ſo. Marriage is a ſerious thing, and ſhould be thought of. Pray let's look a little before we leap into Wedlock.

Good. How now, Siſter! did not you commit your ſelf to my conduct this morning? Gad, I'll not have my Amours put off one minute for ye, an you were my fleſh and bloud a thouſand times more than ye are.

B. Good. Nay, be not furious, Brother. Ha, ha, ha, I know what's what as well as all the Brothers in *England*. For my part, look ye, if it muſt be ſo, ye ſhall finde me civil.

Tru. Well, *Ned*, I'll go now about thy Affair: In the mean time I commit my dear Miſtriſs to thy charge. As we go, I'll appoint where to meet thee with thine, before the Canonical hour be over.

Good. Come, Siſter, now I'm at your ſervice, to wait upon you to your Lodgings, and help to ſhift ye.

B. Good. Sweet Sir, I have a Maid.

Good. Then I'll ſhift her.

Fran. That you ſha'nt I aſſure you, Sir; for to ſhift a Maid, is to make her a woman. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Dreſſing-Chamber.*

A Table, with a Glaſs and Boxes, &c.

Enter Madam Goodfeild *and* Loveal.

Good. Loveal, what's a clock?

Lov. 'Tis neer Eight, Madam.

Good. Come, dreſs me quickly; for I'm reſolved to make a day on't. I proteſt, Mr. *Docket*'s Muſick run in my head all night.

Lov. They call it Serenading here in *London*, as the people of the houſe tell me: Without doubt it was a ſigne of great kindneſs to your Ladyſhip. Well; I vow, Madam, I dreamt of him to night, and me thought he was ſuch a fine man, and performed things ſo well. --- Oh, *Jupiter*, that I had but ſuch a Huſband, I cou'd be contented to ſtay a whole half year longer on that condition.

Good. Nay, Wench, I confeſs he is a well-made man: But methinks I cou'd wiſh he were a little younger.

Lov. O, Madam, ne're fear that: I warrant he's tough; and though his hair looks now a little griſled, yet one may eaſily perceive 'twas black; and that's a hardy colour, and holds out well. --- But did you obſerve his Noſe, Madam?

Good. Aye, aye, 'tis a promiſing Member. But that which likes me beſt, was to ſee how loving he appeared in his drink laſt night: He muſt needs be good condition'd.---Well, *Loveal*, how ſayſt thou, had I beſt incourage his Wooing, or ſend him a flat denial? what's thy advice?

Lov. Advice, Madam? I hope there needs no advice in the matter: if your own fleſh and bloud can't adviſe ye, you are in a ſad condition. For my part, Madam, I'll tell ye true, if I were under your Ladyſhips Coats, I'd make no more ado but ſend him a comfortable Meſſage, and marry him this very morning.

Good. Nay, I know there's ſeldom any good comes of delaying.

Lov. I'm ſure, Madam, if you had loſt ſo many Suters as I have by that means, and been ſo often Bob'd as I have been, you'd hate a put-off as you hate the Devil.

Good. Well ſaid, Wench; nay, nay, I am not much averſe to the buſineſs: I only felt you a little, how you were inclined; and ſince

I finde you are of my opinion, I perceive two heads are better than one. --- Prethee, *Loveal*, call the Boy.

Lov. (*going to the door*)---*Jack*---he's a coming, Madam.

Enter Boy.

Good. Come hither, Sirrah. Can you go to Mr. *Dockets ?* and come again preſently ; and not play at Chuck-farthing by the way ?

Boy. Yes forſooth, Madam. (*Bowing.*

Good. Yet it's no matter, neither. --- Is *Trupenny* about the houſe ?

Boy. Yes, Madam. (*Bowing.*

Good. Go, ſend him to me quickly.

Boy. Yes, Madam. (*Bowing. Exit.*

Lov. I vow, Madam, our Boy is become very mannerly of late.

Good. Aye, aye, Wench ; I hope to get credit by him : and your proud Citizens Wives ſhall ſee that we in the Country can tell how to breed other peoples children, too, if we are minded. --- But here comes *Trupenny*.

Enter Trupenny.

Come hither, *Steven*. What, you went home with Mr. *Docket* laſt night ?

Trup. Yes, Madam : And I proteſt, he kept me with him above an hour, to toſs your Ladyſhips Health over and over in a quart of Mum.

Good. Well, *Steven*, in my minde your Mum is not comparable to our *Darbyſhire*-Ale : it has a good Body, indeed, but is nothing ſo palletable.

Trup. Kuds niggers, Madam, you ſay true: it taſts ſo ſtrong of Beans, o'my conſcience they Mault Beans in that Country where they make it, and ſo put in a double quantity of Hops, and that's all.

Good. Nay, nay, I believe I cou'd tell how to brew Mum, an I had a minde. --- But let that paſs : Come hither, *Steven*, and minde what I ſay. I wou'd have ye go preſently to Mr. *Dockets* --- d'you obſerve ?

Trup. Yes, Madam.

Good. Well : tell him, I ſent you to ſee how he does this morning---wou'd not that be beſt, *Loveal ?*

Lov.

Lov. No, Madam, I think 'twou'd be better thus----tell him, my Lady and I--- d'you obſerve me, *Steven?* --- preſent our Service to him, and wou'd deſire him of all Love---

Good. Aw, *Loveal*, I doubt that wou'd not be handſome, neither. Therefore, d'you minde me, *Steven?* only tell him this, I wou'd have him make haſte, and put on a clean Band, and---

Lov. Oh, Madam, never talk of a clean Band; he'll wear a Cravat to day, ſure, though he ne're wore one in his life before. Look ye, *Steven*, minde me: Tell him thus; Firſt of all knock at the door, and aſk if he be within, then aſk if he be ſtirring; then he'll ſend for you up to his Bed-ſide---I proteſt, Madam, I think ye had better let me go, for o'my Conſcience, he'll ne're do the buſineſs handſomely.

Trup. I war'nt ye, Madam. --- Lord, Mrs. *Loveal*, d'you think your ſelf ſuch a woman for the buſineſs? I hold a Crown, I do it as well as you can for your heart and bloud, or your Mother before ye. ---

Good. Well, good *Steven*, no more words, but make haſte; and tell him only this, I wou'd have him come and ſpeak with me preſently, and I ſhall ſatisfie him in the buſineſs which he mention'd laſt night. This is all at preſent, but run, good *Steven*, for fear he be gone out.

Trup. I ſhall, Madam. *Exit.*

Lov. Hark ye, *Steven*, tell him, my Lady deſires he wou'd bring his man with him that was here laſt night.

Good. He don't hear. --- But 'tis no matter; leave that to me, I'll provide thee a Huſband, I warrant thee, Wench.

Lov. Aye, Madam, you have often ſaid ſo; but words are wind; and I want ſomething that's more ſubſtantial.

Good. Nay, if I ſay I will, I will; though it coſt me a hundred pound. --- Come, put on my ſhoos.

Lov. I'll fetch 'em, Madam; they are in the next Room.

Good. No matter: I'll go thither my ſelf, and take one Pipe, and by that time, perhaps, the party will be come.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Docket, Daſhwel, Spruce.

Daſh. SIr, what are you pleas'd ſhall be done in Mr. *Richman's* buſineſs? the Sheriff of *Eſſex* has return'd *nulla Bona* on the *ſiſa*; and to take out a *Caſa*, would be to little purpoſe; for I am told, the Defendant can't be found in *rerum naturum*, and ſome ſay he's gone to Sea.

Dock. No matter; let that reſt. The Plaintiff han't fee'd me for Expedition this Term. --- But have you delivered the Declarations in Ejectment yet?

Daſh. What, thoſe in *Holborn*, Sir?

Dock. Yes, in *Com. Middleſex.*

Daſh. No, I proteſt, Sir, not yet.

Dock. O fie, *Thomas*, don't you know the Tenants in Poſſeſſion are to appear and defend *Craſtino Trin.* & and you no forwarder?--- Away, man, and about it preſently; and as ye go, take the *Devonſhire* Latitats, and ſeal 'em. But d'you hear, *Thomas*, be ſure ye return within this hour, for I intend then to go forth; and we muſt not be both out.

Daſh. It ſhall be done, Sir. *Exit.*

Dock. This *Daſhwel* is a rare fellow for buſineſs: I proteſt, I have had many Clerks, but never had the like. *Spruce*, come hither: Do you obſerve the Tallents of your fellow *Daſhwel?*

Spr. Yes, Sir; they are ſomething long. He cuts his Nails but once a fortnight, and then obſerves the Moon preciſely.

Dock. Ye Fool; I mean his Gifts, and Qualifications.

Spr. Cry ye mercie, Sir, I underſtand ye now. Indeed, Sir, he writes an excellent Hand; but his Court is beyond compariſon.

Dock. That's not all, *Spruce*, that's not all: He's one that loves the Law, nay, doats upon the Law; I mean, the Practick part: and o'my conſcience he was cut out for a Practiſer in his Mothers belly. He's one that has found out the amorous Beauties, and the raviſhing Graces of Practice; things that none can perceive, but ſuch a one as he is. In compariſon to theſe, he hates your Plays, your Maſquerades, your Serenades, your Revellings (except only at *Chriſtmas*, and then the good Soul is raviſht in the *Temple*-hall

Where

where he drinks ſmall Beer, and ſees 'em dance till his belly akes again) but above all things, he abhors, like a childe of the Law, your damn'd Poetry; with which, *Spruce*, I fear you are a little infected.

Spr. Who I, Sir? God forbid. I vow, I have ſo great an averſion to Meeter, and all that, that if you'll believe me, I dare not ſing Pſalms for fear o'the worſt.

Dock. Nay, *Spruce*, there you are again a t'other ſide: I wou'd not have ye think there's any harm in *Robert Wiſeman*'s Pſalms, nor in the old Song of *Chevie Chace*, but that they may be both uſed, and very innocently. And more than ſo, I believe there are ſome Volumes of Meeter that are very convenient, and of great uſe in a Lawyer's Study, as *The Garland of Good will*, *The furious fight of Floddon-field*, and all Mr. *Wither*'s his Works; all theſe I believe *Daſhwel* has, and need not be aſhamed of 'em. Nay, I can very well remember, when I firſt learnt Court-hand I had all the Ballat of the *Two little Children* by heart, and me thought it was ſo comfortable. But that which ought to be odious to the underſtanding of all true Clerks, is your modern Poetry, your new faſhion or modiſh Poetry, your Play-Poetry, or Dramatick Meeter, your ranting and tearing Poetry, your Poetry that breaks windows, or, as they themſelves call it, your Heroick Poetry.---(*Knocking without.* *Spruce*, ſee who's at door.

Spruce goes to the door, and enters with Trupenny.

Spruce. (*entering*) Sir, here's Mr. *Trupenny*, with urgent buſineſs from his Lady.

Dock. Oh, Sweet Mr. *Trupenny!* Let me embrace my dear friend: And how does thy good Lady, ha? I proteſt, Mr. *Trupenny*, I was reſolved to wait upon her within this half hour, to know her reſolutions in the buſineſs aforeſaid: You underſtand me?

Trup. Lord, Sir! how you and my Lady jump together. Let me never ſtir now, if ſhe has not ſent me to you for the very ſame end and purpoſe; namely, that ye ſhou'd hye ye to her, and ſhe'd give your Worſhip all the ſatisfaction imaginable.

Dock. Say'ſt thou ſo, old boy? hold, here's ſix Fees I proteſt, a whole Guiny for thy good news: Ten groats is below ſuch a Meſſage --- *Spruce*, here, take my Hat, run, fetch my new Beaver, my Cane and my Gloves, quickly: I'll not demur a minute. Oh, Sweet Mr. *Trupenny!*

Trup.

Trup. I vow to God, Sir, you are ſuch an obliging man.---- Pray, Sir, have ye done any thing in Mrs. *Betty*'s buſineſs? I make bold to aſk, becauſe my Lady has ordered me to ſlit that cauſe, as they ſay.

Dock. Not yet, Sir; I proteſt, I have been ſo buſie: But it ſhall be diſpatcht in good time.

Trup. Nay, nay, let it reſt: 'tis fit the old one ſhould be ſerved firſt.

Spr. Sir, here are your things.

Dock. Well ſaid: Give 'em me. So; now, Mr. *Trupenny*, I am ready to wait upon ye. Come, Sir ---

Trup. After you, Sir ---

Dock. Lord, Mr. *Trupenny*, you are ſo Complemental! I vow, you ſhall go firſt ---

Trup. Well, if it muſt be ſo--- (*Is going.*

Dock. O Lord, what had I forgot! Now if my life lay on't I cannot go till *Daſhwel* returns.

Trup. I hope not ſo, Mr. *Docket*. God knows what occaſion my Lady has of ye.

Dock. Ah, Mr. *Trupenny*, ye ſay true; and I wou'd go with all my heart; but if you did but know what occaſion I have to ſtay at home at this time, you wou'd not blame me---Hark ye, Sir, a word in private. You muſt know, Mr. *Trupenny*, I have here in the houſe a very pretty young Niece, a great fortune ſhe is: her Father and Mother are both dead, but that's all one, for I am her Guardian.

Trup. How's this? a pretty woman i'the houſe, and I ne're ſet eye on her as oft as I have been here? Time has been, that I have ſmelt out a pretty Wench at a ſtreets length: it's a ſigne I grow old.

Dock. Nay, never wonder, Mr. *Trupenny*: She always keeps her Chamber, or to ſay true, I keep her there. For I proteſt, here are ſo many idle fellows about the Town, that I dare not let her be ſeen, as little as poſſibly. And beſides that, I have a conſtant eye upon her my ſelf; but in my abſence, I commit that truſt generally to *Daſhwel*. As for this *Spruce*, he's a ſlie fellow, and I dare not leave her to him.

Trup. What, you are afraid they wou'd be nought together while you are out? not unlikely.

Dock.

Dock. No; but he's a cunning Raſkal in theſe affairs: and who knows but he may let her out to ſome young fellow, or elſe help ſome young fellow in to her? Therefore I dare not truſt him; and yet I wou'd fain go to your Lady. ---

Trup. What an unluckie thing is this! Is there no way? ---

Dock. O Lord, Mr. *Trupenny*, now I think on't---are you engaged in any urgent buſineſs, at this time?

Trup. All my buſineſs was only to you, Sir, with this Meſſage --- But ſince you can't come, I muſt return, and let my Lady know it.

Dock. No, no, that ſha'nt be. I'll go my ſelf: But in the mean time, ſweet Mr. *Trupenny*, let me conjure you, as you are my friend, and the like, to ſtay behind and ſupply my place, as it were. You underſtand me? 'Tis but only till *Daſhwel* comes, which will be within this half hour.

Trup. Nay, nay, if that be all, let me alone to watch her water; I'm old dog at that office. I dare ſwear, I have occupied the place above twenty times in the Country.

Dock. O, Sir, how you oblige me? Well, I'll leave ye. Say nothing, but fall into diſcourſe with *Sprnce*, and all's well. I have tarri'd too long from your Lady, I confeſs, but I'll redeem the time, and run all the way. *Exit.*

Spr. What, is he gone, and does this fellow ſtay? O the Devil! (*aſide*) now cannot I perform to Mr. *Truman*; and then I've loſt my Credit for ever. Some trick muſt be thought of. --- Dear Sir, how glad am I my Maſter has left us together? I have often wiſht this happy opportunity, to be better acquainted with good Mr. *Trupenny*. I vow, Sir, you are the goodeſt Gentleman I ever met with.

Trup. O, Sir, your humble Servant. No great Gentleman neither: My Father was a High-conſtable, and I am my Lady's Steward, in default of a better --- But I pray, Mr. *Sprnce*, if a man may be ſo bold --- what a clock is't?

Spr. Not bolder than welcome, I aſſure ye, Sir. Why truly, Sir, I think 'tis betwixt nine and ten.

Trup. Aye, Sir; but I meant to have craved a glaſs of your ſmall Beer, but I proteſt I was almoſt aſhamed.

Spr. Indeed, Sir, it's none of the beſt, being very thin, and ſomething ſowr: and (as you ſay verie well) it's a ſhame to drink it.

Trup. Not ſo neither, Sir; I do not mean ſo, Sir; but I vow to Gad, Sir, your Maſter pli'd me ſo with Mum laſt night, that I'm as dry this morning, as a Poſt-horſe; and my ſtomach is a little---- as it were.

Spr. Shall we go to the next Apothecaries, and drink a Gill of Stomach-water?

Trup. No, Sir, no, that needs not; my Lady has an excellent water in the Country that ſhe makes her ſelf: but that's nothing, you'll ſay, we are here, and that's there.

Spr. When all's done, I ſay, after a nights drinking, there's no ſettler like a Doſe of the ſame next morning. Come, Sir, you ſhall go with me to a place hard by, where there's excellent Mum; faith, we'll have one pint together. Nay, it ſha'nt coſt ye a farthing.

Trup. (*aſide*) Now wou'd this cunning Rogue whedle me from my charge: but ſoft, old birds are not caught with chaff. ---- I tell ye, Sir, I do not love Mum; it has no pleaſurable taſte: therefore if you pleaſe, I'll take a ſeat. --- Hark, what Muſick's this?

(*A Lute.*

Spr. (*aſide*) A pox on him for me; now ſhall I never be rid of him. --- Muſick? what Muſick?

Trup. Why don't ye hear, man?

Spr. Oh, cry ye mercie; I hear it now: 'Tis a young Lady of my acquaintance that wou'd be private.

Trup. Nay, nay, I w'ont diſturb her.

Spr. To tell ye true, 'tis my Maſters Niece, whom he has, for faults beſt known to himſelf, confin'd to her Chamber. I perceive ſhe is preparing for a Song; and then you'll hear the beſt Voice in *London*, Mr. *Trupenny*.

Trup. Aye marry Sir, I love ſinging with all my heart; and time was, when I cou'd a----

Spr. Whiſt, whiſt.

Song. (*Within.*

Ah! how charming is the ſhade,
How ſweet the calm delight,
That in this amorous Grove is made;
How cool the ſhade, and yet the day how bright!

Hark!

Mark! the little Philomel
On yonder Bough complains,
And while she her sad tale does tell,
Ecchо replies in the same mournful strains.

Thus, thus, is both the eye and ear
Ravisht with what they see and hear.
Does not all this
Invite us to soft Love, and mutual Bliss?
See my Clymene, *see,*
How that enamour'd pair of Doves
With melting Sympathy,
Enjoy their ever equal Loves.

They know no cares, nor feel they ought
To trouble the more pleasing thought.
Full of the same
Soft fire they burn, and cherish the kinde flame.
Ah! happy, happy they!
We two may full as happy be,
If you but smile, and say,
Content, Amintas, *I agree,*
Content, Amintas, *I agree.*

Trup. By that sigh, with which the Lady concludes her Song, I presume, Mr. *Spruce*, she is in Love.

Spr. Truly, Mr. *Trupenny*, it is not impossible; for our Ladies here in *London* are apt, once in their lives at least, to love something or other: what they do in the Country I know not. --- But a fig for your women, and all that belongs to 'em: Let us behave our selves like men. Methinks it is the unseemliest thing in the world for us two to sit here like sots, when we have so excellent an opportunity for a Voyage to the next Tavern or Ale-house, and taste a merry Glass.

Trup. (aside) O ho, are ye there? He's at it again to drill me off, but all this won't do.

Spr. I perceive ye are all very sober men in your Country.

Trup. Nay, nay, no more Sobrietie than will do us good; but that's all one. Look ye, Mr. *Spruce*, for your Wine I don't love it, and for your Ale, ye have not a drop in *London* worth drinking; that's the ſhort on't.

Spr. How, Mr. *Trupenny*, not a drop worth drinking? Did you ever taſte our Cock-ale?

Trup. Cock-ale, no; what's that?

Spr. Why, there you ſhew your ignorance. Look ye, Sir, I lay ye five pound you ſhall ſay, ye never taſted the like in the Country.

Trup. Nay, nay, nay, nay, five pound is a wager not to be laid among friends; and beſides that, I have not ſo much about me; but I hold a Crown, let it be what it will, we have Ale in *Darbyſhire* worth ten on't. ---

Spr. Ye make me mad. I hold an Angel to your Crown, that after the firſt Bottle, you your ſelf ſhall confeſs, that for Colour, Taſte, Farewel, Body, and all that, it excels your *Darbyſhire*, as far as your *Darbyſhire* excels your *Daſhwood*.

Trup. How, I confeſs it? Sir, here's the Guiny your Maſter gave me e'en now, I wager this to your Angel, I'll be hang'd firſt. Come, lead away; this wager ſhall be tried preſently. --- I'll ſtand up for my Country while I breathe.

Spr. But perhaps you are otherwaies engaged at preſent; or perhaps you have made a vow not to be ſeen in an Ale-houſe.

Trup. No matter for that, Sir, I'll not ſuffer my Country to be run down, by ne're a pittiful *Londoner* in *England*. Come along, Sir.

Spr. Nay, then prepare to ſay, we've better drink.

Trup. Which if I do, I'll hang; that's fair I think. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Fleet-ſtreet.*

Enter Spruce, Truman, Lucia, Maid.

Spr. WEll, now I have brought ye together, ye know beſt your own Affairs, and how to huſband time with moſt advantage. I muſt return to my Steward, that was ſo lately, Madam, your truſty Overlooker. *Tru.*

Tru. Prethee, what haſt thou done with him?

Spr. Why, faith, Sir, after I had drawn him from his Poſt, by the means I told ye, I very ſoberly conveyed my Gentleman to the Cock-ale-houſe, where in concluſion he will be very drunk: for, as good luck wou'd have it, I was no ſooner enter'd, but I met there a certain true Trojan (indeed a Brother Clerk of my acquaintance) I left him, after a charming glaſs or two gone round ---

Tru. But miſſing you, may he not make an eſcape, ſuſpecting---

Spr. His Companion's a more truſty Keeper. No, Sir, no, he's as faſt as if he were in the Stocks for three lives; I mean, for parting *Compos mentis*. If he have not a better opinion of *London*-Liquor ever after, let 'em ſpare their Cocks, and boyl me in the next Brewing: And that ſhall be call'd *Spruce*-ale --- Oh, how your City-wives will flock to't!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, your Coach is ready, and waits where you appointed.

Tru. Enough. Come, Madam, give me the honour to conduct you to your Servant; whom when you have known but half as well as I do, you will confeſs to be the worthieſt Lover, as I the beſt of Friends.

Luc. You ſee, Sir, what a confidence I give to what you tell me, and how I truſt your Conduct. I muſt confeſs, with many Bluſhes, I have no Averſion to his love or perſon: But ſtill I tremble when I think my Uncle (whoſe ſevere nature I too well know) may daſh my happineſs with many ſorrows.

Tru. Think not of that, dear Madam, Fortune is more indulgent. Your Uncle is this morning with my Friend's Mother, a rich Widdow, in the heighth of his Wooing: And you may eaſily conclude, Madam, he dares not ſhew diſpleaſure at her Sons Match, ſince ſo advantageous, for that's the way to diſoblige his Miſtriſs.

Luc. Then, Sir, why may not he know it beforehand?

Tru. By no means. If ſo, he will undoubtedly by ſome ſiniſter means prevent it, and that purely for lucre of your Portion, Madam: But when 'tis done, he cannot diſapprove it, for the former Reaſon. Beſides, an opportunity or advantage once neglected, is in Love, as in a Battail, never to be recover'd. ---

Maid.

Maid. Oh, Madam! we are all defeated: Yonder comes *Daſhwel*, your old ſpy; if he ſees us here, or finds us not at home, he'll raiſe the Hue and Crie, and we are loſt for ever.

Spr. Fear nothing; but you three croſs over there, and away: Leave me to him, and if I don't prevent his doing miſchief, think me a duller ſot than he is.

Enter Daſhwel *at one door, and at the other* *Exeunt* Truman, Lucia, Maid.

Spr. Oh! you are a rare one, to ſtay thus long.

Daſh. I cou'd not help it for my heart and bloud, I vow now. A Country-man, an old acquaintance, met me in *Holborn*, and wou'd needs give me a Pint. --- But is my Maſter gone out?

Spr. No.

Daſh. Then *omnia bene.* I'll make haſte to him, for I know he ſits upon thorns, --- (*Is going.*

Spr. Hold. You muſt not go in: there's Madam *Goodfeild* with him, and they are private. But ſhou'd you know all, you'd cut your throat, that's certain, for being out o'the way.

Daſh. What, *Felo de ſe?* I'll be hang'd firſt. --- But prethee, good *Spruce*, what's the matter?

Spr. O'my Conſcience, you deal with the Devil, or elſe you were wrapt in your Mothers Smock; one o'the two, I'm confident. Come, come, I know you make uſe of *Philters*, *Amulets*, and *Love-potions*, or ſomething of that nature. ---

Daſh. If I do, the Dews take me. You know there's the Statute of *Primo* againſt it.

Spr. Aye, aye, but that's nothing: for here was Mrs. *Loveal* came with her Lady; but now ſhe's gone. ---

Daſh. Ah, what a Rogue was I to be away. --- Ah, ſweet Mrs. *Loveal!* and how much ſhe made of me laſt night!

Spr. Look ye; I knew you wou'd run mad at this, and never hear me out.

Daſh. Yes, yes, I will hear thee: Dear *Spruce*, ſay on.

Spr. With Mrs. *Loveal* came a delicate young thing about Eighteen, whom ſhe call'd Couzin; but I vow, ſhe was the fineſt woman, I e're ſaw in my life ---

Daſh. Oh! ---

Spr. Such a pretty Mouth, and ſuch a little plump Lip, ---

Daſh.

Daſh. Oh!---

Spr. A little nimble Hand and Foot; and then withal ſo ſlender, you might ſpan her.---

Daſh. Oh! ---

Spr. Round amorous Breaſts, that heave and pant with Love: white and ſoft as Down of Swans---

Daſh. Oh! ---

Spr. Then to crown all, an Eye like any Baſilick---you know, *Tom*, a Baſilick has a delicate Eye.

Daſh. Aye, aye, ---Oh! that I had been at home. Oh! that curſed Country-man, and that damn'd Tavern.

Spr. Mrs. *Loveal* had not been entered ſo long as you might tell one hundred, but that ſhe aſkt me for ye--and ſmil'd like any thing.

Daſh. Did ſhe e'faith? I vow, I am beholding to her.

Spr. I told her you were abroad. At this ſhe ſeem'd as ſad as if ſhe'd had her purſe cut.

Daſh. Alack, alack, Poor heart!

Spr. After this ſhe ſtaid but little; and parting, with a low Curteſie, deſired me to remember her Love to ye, and tell ye, ſhe and her Couzin were going directly to the Folly, where they ſhou'd both be very glad to ſee ye.

Daſh. Edad, I'll go put on a clean pair of Sleeves, and follow 'em immediately. ---

Spr. Ye ben't mad? If ye looſe time ye looſe 'em. They are hardly got to th' *Temple*-ſtairs yet: Away directly, 'tis ten to one you overtake 'em.

Daſh. Ye ſay true; farewel. If my Maſter aſk for me, make ſome Lye or other, and all's well.

Spr. Let me alone for lying---But d'you hear? She bid me tell you, that if you find 'em not at the Folly, you will not fail to have 'em in the long Walk at the *New-ſpring-garden.*

Daſh. Enough---

Spr. One word more.--- But, ſaies ſhe, If we ſhou'd chance to be gone from thence, he will be ſure to meet me at my Couzins Lodgings---

Daſh. Dear *Spruce*, where's that?

Spr. At the ſigne of the *Windmil* in the *Old-pell-mell.*

Daſh.

Daſh. Enough, enough; I'll not delay my joys one minute longer. *Exit.*

Spr. So; thou art ſecure for one three hours. This *Daſhwel* is the eaſieſt Gudgion! he gulps a Lye as readily as Juglers ſwallow Knives. Now to my Steward; if he has ſwallow'd Glaſſes with equal haſte and pleaſure, he's in his altitudes by this time.

Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Ned Goodfeild, B. Goodfeild, *and* Frank, *in their own Apparel.*

Good. NOw I can call you Siſter again, with a ſafe Conſcience. Methinks, before ye lookt like a Brother of the Blade, or a kinde of little Huff. --- Come, bear up, the Rendezvous is not far off.

B. Good. Methinks you are grown very Heroick, Brother? you think of nothing but cloſe fighting. For my part, ſince I am return'd to Petticoats again, my minde is not ſo maſculine as lately. And I conſider, more diſtance wou'd more become this Habit.

Good. Cunning Hypocrite! Now ſhou'd not I proceed in this Aſſignation, you your ſelf wou'd be my chief Tormentor; and my own fleſh and bloud, like another *Brutus*, wou'd give me the firſt Bodkin. ---

B. Good. As ſure as can be.

Good. Fie, fie, Siſter, be more ingenious: This backward diſſimulation of a longing Female, is odious in a Perſon of Quality, and a Town-Lady, and ſhews the courſeſt breeding in the world. I ſhall be aſham'd to keep you company, unleſs you converſe with more Integrity and Candour.

B. Good. Faith, Brother, I can't help it. Since I ſhifted my Apparel, I am infected with what belongs to a Petticoat and Waſtecoat: 'tis the humour of the Garment, and therefore you muſt pardon me.

Good. I do; but *Jack Truman* ſhall preſcribe your Penance, which if it be more pleaſant than the fault deſerves, you ought to thank your too indulgent Confeſſor.

B. Good. A propos: Let us make haſte then to the place of Execu-

cution. But by the way, Brother, let me tell you, I think it would be better if---

Good. Away with your impertinent Propositions. I think there is nothing in nature so Capricious as a she-wit. Is this a time for advice, when it is now neer eleven a clock, and you know what we are to do effectually before twelve?

B. Good. Yet do but hear my Reasons.

Enter Docket, Widow, Loveal.

Dock. Well, Madam, since we are agreed on the main point in Issue, and you are pleased once more to lie under Covert-Baron, there's now no more to be done, but to turn down this lane, and we shall quickly arrive at an honest Parson's, my intimate acquaintance, indeed the Ordinary of Newgate, who will give us the Book of Matrimony as compendiously as if he were to teach the Neck-verse.

Wid. Soft, Mr. *Docket*, though we have a Country-proverb, that *Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny*, yet methinks, for luck-sake, I would not be marri'd by one that deals so neer the Gallows.

Dock. The truth is, Madam, he has often promised to marry me for nothing: but that's all one; rather than displease my dear Widow, I am content to loose his Assumpsit. How like ye, Madam, to be marri'd by a Reader of an Inns a Court? I know 'em all.

Wid. By no means, Sir: Do your Readers at the Inns a Court marry fokes? Never stir, now that's as bad as to be marri'd by a Justice of Peace, out upon't!

Dock. Nay, my Dear, you mistake me clearly. I mean, a Chappel-Reader.

Wid. Cry ye mercie, Mr. *Docket*, I understand ye now. Well, Sir, what you please. --- O my heart! Come hither, *Loveal*; do ye know those two that stand talking yonder?

Lov. As I hope to live and do well, Madam, I dare say 'tis Mr. *Edward Goodfeild*, and Mrs. *Betty*, your Ladyships only Son and Daughter. Nay, I'll be sworn yonder's *Frank* too.

Wid. I vow, I think so. But how come they together, and in *London?* I left my Daughter in the Country, and sure an God'll my Son's at *Cambridge*.

Lov. I fear me, Madam, there's some naughty designe in hand; for I dare swear upon a Book 'tis they.

Dock. Never trouble your ſelf, Madam, *London*'s a large place, and here's one body or other like every body i'the Nation. For my part, I have ſometimes met ſome-body as I have been going along the ſtreet, as like ſome-body as I know, as e're you ſaw; and yet when all came to all I have been deceived.

B. Good. Now let me die, and all that, Brother, but yonder's my Mother and her new Servant, a't'other ſide the way; and as the Devil wou'd have it, ſhe has ſpi'd us. What ſhall we do in this caſe? this is no time to take notice of Mothers.

Wid. Well, to be ſure, *Loveal*, we'll walk ſoftly before. Do you ſtep o're the way, and ſee if it be they for certain, and then follow us. *Exeunt* Dock. Wid.

B. Good. Brother, we are all undone; This wicked Mother of ours has ſent her woman over to make further diſcovery. Look where ſhe comes.

Fran. Madam, you ſpoil all: Be not ſurprized, but you two ſtand aſide as unconcern'd, and leave me to her; if I don't ſend her off with leſs ſatisfaction than ſhe came on, ſay I'm not worth your Service. (Good. *and* B. Good. *retire a little.*

Fran. (*meeting* Loveal) Oh! mee cher Maitreſs, Madam *Belamy*! Ah, how bleſſé am I to ſee mee good Friende a *Londres!* Merdugues, I am de happy woman in de varlde. { *Speaking, and acting like a French woman all this Scene.*

Lov. What means this Gibbriſh? I underſtand not a word ſhe ſays.

Fran. Ah, Madame, you cunno I ſpeak no good Engleſh. I have been but two day in dis City. *Mais Je Scais bien que vous parlez bon Francois.*

Lov. Now, for ought I know, ſhe bids the Devil take me, in French. Lord, to ſee how I was miſtaken, to think this was *Frank*. Well, I'll e're back again, and ſay nothing, leſt I appear as much beſide the Cuſhion as ſhe is. (*Is going.*

Fran. (*ſtaying her*) Ah, Maiſtreſs *Belamy*, verſore are you ſo eſtrange? Ma foy, have you oblie how ver mery we were enſemble laſt ſoomer, vid Meſſieurs *de Cour Dauphnie*, at de little Caberet, *Au teſte noir, in de Rue St.* Jaſques *a* Paris? Look you, Madame, dere ſtand mee ver good friend Monſieur le Marquis de *Montauſiere*, vid his Siſter Madame de *Fountain-amante*. Give me de honour,

Je

Je vous ſupply, to introduce you into his cunniſance: you'll finde him de ver noble Gentlemane, and he'll make ver much of your body, begar.

Lov. Pray let me go, Miſtris. --- Fie upon her! for a naughty woman! I ſhall be undone if I ſtay. *Aside.*

Fran. You need no be affear, ſweet Madam *Bellamy*, he was ver well curé a Roan, before he came in Engleterre, begar.

Lov. Let me go, I ſay. I know ye not, not I. And you are miſtaken in me, that you are; I am none of thoſe you take me for: my name's *Loveal*, and not *Bellamy*. --- How I hate the looks of theſe French people! It's no wonder we can't abide em. For my part, I never ſaw any of 'em before, and I hope, never ſhall again. --- Let me go, I ſay.

Fran. Ma foy, Madame; mee aſk your pardon tref-humblement, if you be not dat good Enghſh Lady Maiſtres *Belamy*, in whoſe company I have had the great honour to be galanted a *Paris* and *Fountainbleau*. Yet for that you are ſo ver like the good graces of mee dear friend, if you do pleaſe to go along vid Monſieur, Madame, and your Servante, to a little Frigat below de bridge, we have dere one two tree glaſſes of ver excellent Frontiniack, and de little Collation, to which you will do very great honour, *Si vous plaiſt.*

Lov. O Lord, a Spirit, a Spirit! a French Spirit! I ſhall be carri'd to *Barbado's*. Away, Spirit, farewel, Sathan; I have heard of your tricks. But ſoft, older and wiſer. *Exit.*

Fran. Well! how like ye my diſpatch?

B. Good. Oh, moſt cleverly done, Wench! 'Twas a neat Conveyance; there's ne're a Lawyer of 'em in Town can draw a better. Take my beſt French Point, to morrow, for thy witty French Wheedle.

Good. Faith 'twas a moſt important Service, my Girl: and Monſieur the Marquiſs *de Montauſere* is your very humble Servant for it. Without doubt, had *Loveal* been confirmed in her untimely knowledge of us, it wou'd have been no ſmall obſtruction to our Deſignes.

B. Good. Yet was the pleaſure of the action greater than the profit. I vow, Madam *de Fountain-wante* had much ado to keep the due Grimace proper to a perſon of her Quality, and not laugh outright. --- But, I'll ſtay here no longer; Brothers, not only to avoid

ſuch another Rancounter, but chiefly, becauſe I long to be at my Journeys end.

Good. That is, you think it long to night. I underſtand ye, Siſter.

B. Good. 'Tis well you do: walk you afore, while my Maid ties my ſhoo-ſtring---I'll follow immediately--

N. Good. Prethee make haſte--- *Exit.*

B. Good. So, he is gone (*to* Frank *ſtooping*) away, Wench, let us turn down this lane; I am reſolv'd to have one frollick more in the open field of this world, before I enter into the encloſures of Matrimony---

Fran. 'Slife, Madam, what will your Brother and Servant apprehend from ſuch delays?--

B. Good. No matter for my Brother; as for my Servant, this is my laſt effort to exerciſe his patience, and trie how much he loves me--- Come away, away.--- *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Trupenny *and* Clarke, *in play.*

Trup. WEll, all this can't be helpt. But the Devil's in the Cards, that's plain. Uds bud, I've play'd at Put a thouſand times, and a thouſand to that, but I never had ſuch curſed luck before---Come, Sir, ſhuffle: But firſt let's draw the Table more to the light; Gad I have drunk ſo much, I can ſcarcely ſee.

They bring the Table forward upon the Stage.

Clar. Sha, ſha! this is nothing: Give me a man that can ſit at it from twelve at noon, to twelve at night, then go to bed ſober, and ſwear there's no ſtrong drink in *London*: there's your true Engliſh heart of Oak.

Trup. As I live, Mr. *Clarke*, you ſay finely.--But let us to our Books again---

Clar. Ten ſuch as theſe would over-run the Low Countries, and drown all *Germany* in a Rummer. Come, Sir, before we go any further, here's one brimmer to your better fortune. (*drinks*). Faith, Sir, you have the worſt luck of any man living: Looſe Eleven games together and never turn Stake? why, you don't drink well, man. Unleſs you plie the Glaſs with better Courage, you'll never win a game at One and thirty.

Trup.

Trup. Say ye ſo? Nay, then fill it up; I'll do ye right, e'faith, Boy. If you provoke me once at this Weapon, you'll finde me a mad Boy; I'll tell you that. *(Drinks.*

Clar. Sa, ſa. That's he, that's he.

Trup. Now, Sir, deal.--- (Clark *deals.* Gad, Sir, I'll ſee ye. If I looſe with theſe Cards, I'll never play at Put more.

Clar. Why then I'm gone. You know, Sir, I'm bound and can't refuſe: Play away---that's mine; and there's a Tray, e'faith.

Trup. That's tied.---

Clar. Gad, there's another Tray, win it and wear it.

Trup. Uds, I've loſt. Was ever ſuch damn'd luck? --- Well, I won't leave ye yet---Drawer, bring a freſh pack o'Cards --- Come, Sir, I'll double the Stakes; what a Devil, I can't looſe alwaies --- Let me ſee---[*feels in his pockets*] --- *(aſide)* Uds bud, I ha' loſt all my Money; here's but one poor Nine pence, a Groat and five Farthings --- *(ſtamps)* Was ever ſuch a curſed hand ſeen? three Trays at once? What man alive cou'd ha' thought it? --- Sir, can you lend me Five ſhillings?

Clar. How, Sir, lend? 'Sbud, Sir, you are not in earneſt? what butter me with my own money? this is worſe than to play upon tick: You muſt know, Mr. *Trupenny*, there's a Statute againſt it; and beſides that, it is not the cuſtom of *London*, I aſſure ye.

Trup. No? why then---hark ye, Drawer, a word with ye: thou ſeemeſt an honeſt fellow. *(ſtrokes him upon the head)* Look ye, Drawer, yon Gentleman has won all my money at Put; prethee lend me half a Crown, to win as much back again as may pay the Reckoning.

Draw. Faith, Sir, I can't, and it were to ſave my life.---By and by, by and by, I come, I come, Sir. *Exit Drawer.*

Trup. Why there's the Devil. Oh, here comes Mr. *Spruce*: nay, then I care not.

Enter Spruce.

Spr. Gentlemen, I muſt ſeriouſly beg your pardon: I have been diverted by ſo many unluckie accidents, that I proteſt, my ſtay has been almoſt an hour longer than I intended.

Clar. There needs no Apologie, ſweet Mr. *Spruce*; we have been ſo ſeriouſly engaged ſince you went, that we ſcarce ever thought o'you.

Spr.

Spr. Well, then I hope you like the Ale, Mr. *Trupenny*. Come, where ſtands the Glaſs? we'll whiſk it about, e'faith, boys.

Trup. Nay, nay, nay, Mr. *Spruce*, never talk of that. Whiſk quoth a? I have had enough of Put, one wou'd think; but that's all one. Hark ye, Mr. *Spruce*, one word in private: Mr. *Spruce*, as I hope to live now---yet firſt I ſhou'd have told ye---but that's no matter neither---then as I was ſaying, Sir, your friend yonder has won Thirty ſhillings of me at half-Crown-put; and nothing vexes me, but he has not left me money enough for another ſtake. Now, worthy Mr. *Spruce*, as the ſaying is, *I take you for my friend, and I hope to finde ye ſo*: Can ye do a man the favour, Sir, as to lend a Crown, or an Angel? As I'm an honeſt man, you ſhall ha't again.

Spr. What to do, Mr. *Trupenny*?

Trup. Only to win my Thirty ſhillings back again: nothing elſe, I proteſt.

Spr. How, Mr. *Trupenny*, win it back? I perceive you don't know Mr. *Clark*: why he's the only Put-man in Town. I hold ye ſix to four, an ye play with him till midnight, ye ſhall never win two pence of him. He knows ye all the Cards as well as he that made 'em; and then for the ſleek, the nip, the double, and all that, he is the Devil of a Gamſter.

Trup. Nay, Guds ſooks, if he be the Devil of a Gamſter, I have nothing to ſay to him. 'Sbud I alwaies thought ſome ſuch thing.--- But now, how ſhall we do to paſs the time? methinks now I'm in, I'm loath to leave good company.

Spr. What think ye of a Wench, Mr. *Trupenny*? I know a Miſs hard by, that is excellent company, Gad: What ſay ye?

Trup. Not a word more of that, if you love me, Mr. *Spruce*. For ought I know, ſhe may be the Devil of a Gameſter too. And then, look ye, I had rather looſe Thirty ſhillings at Cards, than give a Surgeon Forty ſhillings for a cure, and Three pound for ſecreſie. I muſt confeſs, look ye, Mr. *Spruce*, I love the ſport well enough; but pox on't, there's no doing in this noughty Town of *London*, (as my Lady calls it.) Beſides, Sir, ſhou'd I get it, you underſtand me; Uds bud, Sir, it were enough to ſpoil a whole Country.---- Come, come, without further ceremony, let us all ſit down, and drink while we can ſtand. Mr. *Spruce*, my Service to ye.

(*Drinks.*

Spr.

Spr. Sir, your humble Servant----

Clar. But pray, Mr. *Trupenny*, why are you ſuch an enemy to *London*?

Trup. Fough, I hate it. --- Why, did you never hear the Song?

Clar. The Song, what Song?

Trup. Why this 'tis to be an ignorant *Londoner*. --- I'll tell ye, Mr. *Spruce*, for you are my friend, and an underſtanding perſon. It was made by a very honeſt fellow in our Country that chanc'd to be at *Bartholomew*-fair once, and had his pocket pickt.

Clar. Aye, aye, I knew him very well; his name was *Bartholomew Cokes*.

Trup. No, Sir, he was none of your *Cokes*, I aſſure ye, but a Kinſman of mine at *Mansfield*. To ſee how your'e miſtaken with your *Cokes*'s. ---

Spr. Nay, nay, never minde him, man, but on with your Song.

Trup. Cuds bud, it's the fineſt Song you e're heard in your life. The Clerk of our Pariſh ſings it rarely to the tune of the Sixteenth Pſalm, and it will go to *Green ſleeves*, but that's all one --- I'll ſing it as well as I can.

Spr. Aye, ſweet Mr. *Trupenny*, let's ha't.

Trup. Hem, hem. --- Faith, Gentlemen, my voice is but ſo, ſo. But that's no matter. Time was when I cou'd have done well; but ----

Trupenny ſings.

SONG.

To be ſung a'yvronge, in a drunken humour.

1.

O London, *wicked* London-*Town!*
Whoſe Spots ſo many and ſo brown,
Deform thy face in ſuch a faſhion,
Thou doſt appear the one black Patch---
Tea, of the Nation.

2.

Ye Ladies that wear powder'd Toors:
Ye honeſt Women eek, and Whores,
Reform your lives, and by degrees
Leave the Back-fall, and rather fall---
Tea, on your knees.

3.

3.

Ye Gallants that wear Sword and Scabbard;
Ye Coopers eek, that deal in Clapboard,
Repent for ſhame: and do ye hear?
Drink no more Sack, but rather Ale---
Yea, drink ſmall Beer.

4.

Ye men of Trade that deal in Lying,
I mean, in Selling and in Buying,
Look to your Wives, for it is ſpoken,
They are as crackt as you your ſelves---
Yea, full as broken---

Boy, bring another Chamber-pot. Plague on ye, you Rogue, you never empty.

Spr. Didſt thou ever hear a fooliſh Song worſe ſung in thy life, *Dick Clark?*

Clar. 'Tis beyond expectation ridiculous. --- But hang him; this Country-Fop begins to be curſed drunk, and his humour will quickly become tedious: Let's diſpatch him, and away.

Spr. Withal my heart. T'other Glaſs does the work.

Clar. Or elſe the Devil's in him. Let me die, I am confident the Sot has drunk at leaſt Eight or ten bottles for his own ſhare in leſs than an hour. While he was buſie in play, I us'd to fill the Glaſs and ſet it by him, and he wou'd never minde, but take off Three or Four together in that manner. As for example, you ſhall ſee---

(Clark *fills and ſets it to* Trupenny.

Methinks you droop, Mr. *Trupenny?*

Trup. No, Sir, not droop; there's nothing of drooping in the caſe, I aſſure you; but only I was thinking of a thing which I had quite forgot; that is, Mr. *Spruce*, how I ſhou'd have ſtaid at your Maſter's Chamber, about a thing that I know ---- *But hang't let it paſs, here's a Health in a Rummer.* (*Drinks.*

Spr. I proteſt, Mr. *Trupenny*, you are the merrieſt man --- Ha, ha, he---But all this while I muſt not forget to be civil. Look you, Mr. *Trupenny*, here's one Glaſs I'll put about to your beſt Concern;

I

I mean, the good health of your good Lady Madam *Goodfeild*--- Mr. *Clark*, my Service to you.

Trup. Hold, Sir — you ſhall excuſe me, eſeckins.

Spr. What, not your Ladies health?

Trup. Not ſo, Sir; I do not mean ſo, Sir, I aſſure you: But only I'll begin it my ſelf — well, I ſay nothing; but ſhe's as good a Lady as any in *England*, and has as able a Servant as any in the world --- but that's all one. I defie your pimping Glaſſes *(throws away the Glaſs.)* Drawer, bring a whole Bottle, I ſay, a whole Bottle. Look you, d'you ſee, I will begin my Ladies health in a whole Bottle, an it were as deep as a — Churn. And as I'm an honeſt man, I'll ſee my ſelf pledg'd — Mr. *Clark*, here's to ye, with all my heart — [*Drinks at a Bottle.*

Clar. Ah, pure Country-frolick!

Spr. The Rogue's mad.

Clar. How he ſtares —

Spr. And blows —

Clar. And ſweats at it. —

Spr. How now, Mr. *Trupenny?* [Trupenny *falls back.*

Trup. (down) Gentlemen, I drink fair. — This damn'd Rogue Drawer has gi'n me a Chair that wants a — wants a — one leg —

Spr. Rather, you want two — Come, *Clark*, here's no more to be done. Now, which way are you bound?

Clar. Here, Drawer, here's the Reckoning — Faith, *Jack*, now I have recruited my Pockets indifferently well; I muſt directly into *Holborn:* I have a certain Intrigue there, with a Cutler's Wife, that muſt not be neglected. Farewel. *Exit.*

Spr. Drawer, run and fetch a Porter with a great Baſket; and doſt hear — [*whiſpers*] --you underſtand me?

Draw. A little below *Fetter-lane*, ſay you, Sir?

Spr. Yes. I leave this to thy manage: Do it ingeniouſly, and here's a ſhilling for thy pains. *Exit.*

Draw. Thank ye, noble Maſter. Let me alone for Roguery — [*to* Trupenny] — Sir, Sir, will ye pleaſe to riſe, and walk into the next Room? there's Company a coming hither that have beſpoke a Dinner.

Trup. E'faith, now, 'tis all off — and — e — gad I can drink no more.

Draw. Let me help ye up, Sir,—methinks you're ſomething heavy---[*ſearches his Pockets*] —— what a Devil, nothing but a few greaſie Papers? ——

Trup. Nay, nay, nay —— take off your Bottle, Mr. *Spruce*; Uds' bud, I'll not bate ye an Ace, look ye. — Ho'now, what are you? the Drawer? Ah, poor little Drawer, let me kiſs thee — where is Mr. *Spruce*, ye Rogue Drawer?

Draw. Sir, the Gentlemen are ſtept into the next Room, only to---

Trup. As I hope to live, I'll follow them, and ſee my ſelf pledged, and then, — call a Coach, ye Rogue — for I can drink no more, ye Rogue — but will go home like a Prince, ye Son of a Nine-eyes.

Draw. This way, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Loveal ſola, *and after a while enter to her*, Spruce.

Lov. Lord! what a wide Town is this *London*; I have been, I believe, in Forty ſeveral places, but cannot finde my Miſtriſs out — nor in all my Jaunt I have not met with *Trupenny:* Pray Heaven he be not ſpirited away by that ſtrange French creature — Well, I dare ſwear ſhe had the foul Diſeaſe, ſhe ſpoke ſo ſtrangely; for I have heard folk ſay, it alters the ſpeech much: Out upon her for a filthy beaſt; I warrant it is ſo.

Enter Spruce.

Spr. Mrs. *Loveal!* moſt happily met ——

Lov. Mr. *Spruce!* I profeſs, I am glad I have met with ſome-body I know; I had like to have been ſpirited away, which ſo ſcared me, that I was forced to run for it; if I had not, I vow, I do believe I ſhould ne're have ſeen *Darbyſhire* more. But pray, Mr. *Spruce*, may I be ſo bold to aſk where people uſe to be married in *London?* for my Miſtris is gone with Mr. *Docket* on that deſigne, but I cannot find 'em ---

Spr. If you will permit me the honour of waiting on you, I will ſhow you the place---

Lov. Indeed, Sir, I would not trouble you; but if you can tell me where our Steward *Trupenny* is, he ſhall go with me --- I proteſt to you, he has not ſeen home ſince he went this morning to your Maſter's Chamber: I wonder where a murrain he ſhould be!--

Spr. I left him juſt now drinking a Glaſs at the Cock-ale-houſe, with a Country-man of his, whom he met with by chance ——

Lov. The Devil take him; he'll get drunk, and then there will be

be no ho with him: He is as mad as a Buck in Rutting-time, when he is in his Beer, as they ſay ——

Spr. But, Mrs. *Loveal*, I have a Requeſt to you, in behalf of a poor deſpairing Lover: good Soul, looſing his heart in your company, he is wandring about the Town to finde you out---for they are your Eyes have conquered him ——

Lov. Nay, good Mr. *Spruce*, no more, if you love me; you act the flattering Courtier now---but I confeſs, I have had ſome languiſhing looks in my time; I will aſſure you, they have been called the Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars too: Nay, I believe I can look killingly ſtill; ſee, Mr. *Spruce*, do I not? ——

Spr. Such looks wou'd kill a Baſiliſk---

Lov. Nay, nay, I cou'd have done, but alas, alas, I grow old, yet not ſo old, but I have ſeen my Elders doated on, aye, and by young men too -- I vow by my Virginity, I am but forty odd---

Spr. (aſide) Virginity quoth a? -- Aye marry, that is an age fit for a Lady Mayoreſs: women, eſpecially Maids about Forty, are in their prime, being paſt the wanton years; but ſo fond and vain are young Virgins at thirty, that I have ſeen 'um hang about mens necks and kiſs 'um, and doat on all they met.

Lov. Ha, ha, he, that is true; *Trupenny* knows it of me; but (though with much ado, I muſt tell you) I am honeſt, I can aſſure you---but not to appear uncivil, May I, without offence, deſire to know who this poor creature is? for I pitty him heartily; and I vow to you, I am ſo charitable, I wou'd not have him caſt himſelf away for me, poor Soul, for the world ——

Spr. To ſay true, it is *Daſhwel*, my fellow-clerk ——

Lov. Loving Mr. *Daſhwel* —now, Mr. *Spruce*, I dare ſwear Marriages are made in Heaven; for I muſt confeſs--yet, ha, ha, he, you will perhaps wonder at my confidence, I have had a great kindneſs for him from the firſt time I ſaw him — but I vow, I mean honeſtly---

Spr. But you have not only vanquiſhed him, but another too that has ſeen you, is become your Admirer; and he being jealous of *Daſhwel*, has on purpoſe ſent him out of the way, that he might have the freer converſe with you ——and now ——

Lov. Mr. *Spruce*, ſpeak not for him —— if you do, I muſt deny you; for I vow to you, I can like none but Mr. *Daſhwel* ——

Spr. Then woe to unfortunate *Spruce*, that muſt die with deſpair--the wretcheſt creature on the earth ——

Lov. Lord, Mr. *Spruce*, is't you? hold, hold, Sir, and take ſome of my Spirit to comfort you---but I fear you do but play the rogue.

Spr. I ſwear ——

Lov. Nay, nay, I vow I believe you do not --- and tell you true, you are the only man I wiſht to be my Huſband; and to ſhow my good nature---ſee, I am ready to ſacrifice my ſelf to your will: But ha! bleſs me, what's here?

Enter Porter with Trupenny *in a basket: boys following.*

Trup. Why, you young Sons of Whores, what ado is here? did you ne're ſee a man ride in a Coach before? --- Ha, Mr. *Spruce*, and my old Mother Midnight *Loveal*---So ho, Mr. *Spruce*. Mrs. *Loveal*, will you ride? hold Coach-man, hold you Rogue --- Yfeck 'tis fine riding. *Exit.*

Lov. Now, out upon him for a beaſt, and a ſhame take all ill-luck, ſay I, for making me looſe your good company: Now muſt I go put him to bed, or my Miſtriſs will lead me ſuch a life---for he is my charge when he is in this condition--a filthie beaſt---farewel, ſweet Mr. *Spruce*, till an hour hence, and then I will ſteal out to finiſh the buſineſs you wot of, if you think fit. *Exit.*

Spr. Farewel, Fondling.
Now to my Lovers
Whoſe ſerious Paſſion merits more ſucceſs:
This is but Love-burleſque, or ſomething leſs. *Exit.*

Act V.

SCENE I.

Enter Truman, Ned Goodfeild, *and* Lucia.

Luc. YOu ſee, Mr. *Truman*, I have performed what you deſired; but know, had I not been well aſſured that that was true you told me, I ſhould not have ſo ſoon, or eaſily conſented: and I hope, Sir, you will not impute it either to folly or fondneſs, but to an Uncle's rigour, that made me act what now I have done.

N. Good. Far be it from me, Madam, to harbour ſuch baſe thoughts of

of one ſo Virtuous --- but I ſhall ever acknowledge the favour my beſt of Friends hath done me. ---And Friend, ſuſpect not my Siſters fidelitie, for I know ſhe has ſo juſt a ſence of Honour, that what ſhe promiſes ſhe will perform: Yet, I muſt confeſs, her long ſtay ſomewhat ſtartles me.

Tru. Uſe no farther motives, for they will rather induce me to cheriſh, than diſſipate my breeding Jealouſies: Her Country-innocence is an argument more prevailing than all your Rhetorick. Were ſhe indeed one of the gay Ladies of the Town, whoſe words and actions ne're agree, I ſhould have known how to have managed my Amour.

Luc. Your Boy, Mr. *Truman*, perhaps brings ſome news of the Lady---

Enter Boy.

Tru. Sirrah, have you met with Madam *Goodfeild?*

Boy. Yes, Sir; and ſhe is juſt now going to be married to a Gentleman that is with her.

Tru. How, to another? Now, *Ned*, I begin to ſuſpect thy fidelity.

N. Good. It is impoſſible ſhe ſhould be falſe: the boy miſtakes.

Boy. I am ſure, Sir, that what I ſay is truth; for I fifted it out of their boy; who told me, his Lady Mrs. *Goodfeild* and Mr. *Docket* were going to be married.

Tru. Docket! bleſs'd miſtake! it is thy Mother, *Ned* --- now my hopes revive again.

N. Good. Did not I tell thee, *Jack*, it was a miſtake? but, Sirrah, are they not married yet?

Boy. No, Sir, for one Parſon denied them, the Canonical hour being paſt, and they having no Licenſe neither, ſo that now they are coming to *Lincolns*-Inn, in hopes to finde the Reader within, who is Mr. *Docket*'s friend.

N. Good. Better than I could have wiſht. *Jack*, as thou loveſt me or my Siſter, contrive ſome way to hinder this match; I hate the thoughts of being controled or allied to ſuch an impertinent Ignoramus---beſides, who knows but he may wheedle her out of what would be our due, when ſhe dies?

Tru. They come; therefore retire, *Ned*, with thy Miſtriſs, and ſomething I will do to manifeſt my Love for thy Siſter---I have it---

N. Good. Good luck attend thee. *N. Good. Lucia, Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Docket, Widow, Goodfeild, *and* Boy.

Tru. Oh, Mr. *Docket*, I am glad I have met you ---

Dock. To ſee me married, you would ſay, --- Why, look you, Mr. *Truman*, you muſt excuſe me, that I did not invite you. Widows uſe to go to't with ſecreſie; and for my part, I love not to blazon to the world what I am going about.

W. Good. Pray, Mr. *Docket*, what Gentleman is that? he ſeems to be a perſon of Worth ——

Dock. Why, lovely Bride, it is a worthy friend of mine, a man of a fair State, and ſober Converſation---therefore for my ſake ſalute him.

Tru. Madam, your humble Servant---- but, Mr. *Docket*--- your Niece ——

Dock. My Niece? what of her?--- Oh you like her---and would, with my conſent, marrie her, and by that means relieve your Mortgage---Why look you, Mr. *Truman*, I want money--and you know--

Tru. Right, I do know, Mr. *Docket*, that unleſs you make haſte, your Niece will be ſtole away and married.

Dock. How, ſtole away, and married? undone — undone—but now I think on it, let um if they dare, I'll bring my Writ of Raviſhment *de Gard* againſt them: But for fear of the worſt, good Friend, keep my Widow company till I ſtep home, and I'll return immediately—— Oh Heavens, my Niece ſtole! I'll firk um e'faith.

Exit.

Tru. Now, Widow, ſince the old Goat is ſhifted off, let us make the beſt uſe of our time we can ——

W. Good. As how? I pray—(I hope he won't be uncivil---[*aſide.*

Tru. Why in chouſing the old fool, by taking me into his place---

W. Good. What, marrie you? that would be fine —

Tru. Certain, Widow, there is ſome difference between me and the Lawyer *Docket:* Firſt, I am younger, and conſequently fitter for a Widow's ſervice: In the next place, I am richer, to pleaſe her Avarice: and laſtly, not to flatter my ſelf, I think I am handſomer to beget Chriſtian-like Children; for, Agad, if this fellow get any, it muſt be with his Inkhorn, and what they will prove, judge you —

W. Good. I vow, Sir, you are a pleaſant Gentleman — but—

Tru. No buts, good Widow, but along, for I am all-over in Love; and till I overwhelm thee with kindneſs, I ſhall not be my ſelf—

W. Good.

W. Good. But may I truſt to you, that you are in earneſt?—I ſwear, a comely perſon, and ſo like Squire *Goodfeild*, that was! I warrant an able perſon— [*aſide*] But, Sir, pray put none of your *London*-tricks on me: I fear you do but exerciſe your Wit upon me; for you Town-Gallants love to flout poor Countrie-Gentlewomen to make you ſport—

Tru. If thou delayeſt one minute longer, Widow, I'll vow to blaſt thy Reputation, kill all that dare pretend to you, and at laſt, in ſpight of thy ſelf, enjoy thee, and then Jilt thee—

W. Good. Goodneſs! what prittie words you Gentlemen have; Jilt me? well, that muſt be ſome fine thing, it ſounds ſo well; Jilt—I might have lived in *Darbyſhire* to *Methuſalem*'s age, and not have heard ſuch fine things.

Tru. Uds precious, Widow, what mean you?—ſwear inſtantly to be mine, or I vow, I will proſecute what I told you—

W. Good. Hold, hold, Sir, I will ſwear or do any thing—but is this the *London*-way of Courtſhip? — It is ſomewhat boiſterous, methinks, to force a woman to have a man whether ſhe will or no—but Lord, what will Mr. *Docket* ſay, if I ſhould couſin him?—I vow, now I think on't, I cannot, for my honour is engaged, and he has my word to be none but his—

Tru. What an unmannerly old-faſhion'd Widow art thou to talk thus (in *London* too) of thy honour & word—when the moſt Heroick act an A-la-mode Lady can do, is to break promiſe, ſhake hands with Honour, and baniſh Reputation from her Dwelling.—Honour quoth a? Well, this is the laſt time of aſking; and if denied, expect to ſee thy name in to morrow's Gazet, as an Advertiſement to all young Gentlemen to beware of keeping thee companie, for fear of being infected with ten thouſand Diſeaſes more than e're were named in a Mountebanks Bill.

W. Good. No more, good Sir, and here is my hand, I will be none but yours—but what ſhall we do about Mr. *Docket*? I would be loath, now he is ſet agog, as they ſay; he ſhould be diſappointed: were it my own caſe, I ſhould not be pleaſed—

Tru. Hang him—but however, I will contrive ſome means how to beſtow him, now he is agog, as you ſay— [*Studies.*

Enter Loveal—

Lov. So, I have put *Trupenny* to ſleep, and now I will ſteal to Mr.

Mr. *Spruce*, who longs for my coming: I dare ſay, poor Soul— well, he is as loving good conditioned ſweet-natured young man as lives, though I ſay it. — Ha! my Lady here? if ſhe ſees me, I am ruined—

W. Good. Oh, *Loveal!* were they my Son and Daughter we met an hour ago?---

Lov. No, Madam, we were both miſtaken; they were your beyond-Sea French folk, Papiſts I warrant they were, they had ſuch hard names; and they jabber'd ſo, it would have frightned you to have heard them ſpeak.

W. Good. I durſt to have ſworn it had been them ——

Tru. Is this your Maid, Madam? ——

W. Good. Yes, Sir, for want of a better——

Tru. Fortune is kinder to us than we could have expected —— What ſhould hinder your Maid ſupplying your place, and marrie Mr. *Docket?*

W. Good. Why nothing, Sir, ſure; for now I ſhall oblige her, and keep my word too; for ſhe ſo ſadly longs for a Huſband, that I was forced to promiſe to help her to one; and I muſt have bought one, rather than have failed, or I ſhould have led a tedious life with her ---

Tru. Well, Madam, if you will give her a little inſtructions how to perſonate your ſelf, I will ſtep to the *Temple* in the interim, and finde out a Parſon there to compleat our buſineſs, and in the Cloyſters I will expect you — till then, dear Widow, your Servant. In the mean time let my Boy attend you. *Exit.*

W. Good. Your humble Servant, Sir — *Loveal*, I remembring my promiſe to you, have accordingly found out a Huſband for you. This Gentleman that is gone——

Lov. Well, this *London* is a brave place for Huſbands; I wonder not now what makes the Countrie-maids flock up ſo faſt to it --- had I known ſo much before, I wou'd not have ſtayed ſo long in *Darbyſhire* — and I vow, this Gentleman is as handſome a man as ever a *Darbyſhire*-blade of 'um all.

W. Good. Hold, you are too faſt, *Loveal*, this is not the man, but he and I have found out one for you.

Lov. How, is not he the man? nay, then, Madam, know, I have not been ſo long in Town, but that my good fortune has provided for me; and had not your Ladyſhip ſeen me, within an hour I had altered my condition.

W. Good.

W. Good. What, were you going to be married? to whom I pray?

Lov. Either to Mr. *Daſhwel*, or Mr. *Spruce*, I know not which; for both, poor things, are ſo much in love with me, that I was reſolved to marry the firſt of 'um I met.

W. Good. Daſhwel and *Spruce?* Come, come, you are a fool; but be rul'd by me, and you ſhall marry their Maſter.

Lov. Mr. *Docket!* now, Madam, you jeer me; for I cannot believe you will give him away from your ſelf.

W. Good. Thou may'ſt be ſure, Wench, I have provided otherwaies for my ſelf, or I ſhould hardly have parted with him.

Lov. Well, Madam, do with me as you pleaſe: for ſince I have had Love made to me, my minde ſo runs on Matrimony, that I ſhall not be my ſelf till I have enter'd into that delicious kinde of life.

W. Good. See, Mr. *Docket* comes; here, put on my great Scarf and Vail, and be ſure not to ſhow your face till you come home, but pretend an unuſual Modeſty, and play no old Ape's tricks of Fondneſs, but behave your ſelf decently, and counterfeit my Speech, for he muſt take you for me; and when he comes, aſk him if he has found his Niece.—Do you think you can do all this? I much doubt your Ability.

Lov. I'll warrant you, Madam — what not remember how to wheedle a man, and of this Age? it has been my practice this twenty years: But I muſt confeſs, my over-forwardneſs was the cauſe of my ill ſucceſs; but I'll have more wit hereafter; and if I carry it not ſwimmingly, may I die before I taſte the ſweets of Matrimony, which is a moſt inſupportable Curſe.

W. Good. Be ſure you take heed; my Honour will ſuffer if you prove too coming, as they phraſe it. — And now for my ſmug handſome young Gentleman. — Well, Mr. *Docket*, you may thank your ſelf for this deceit; for by your own confeſſion he is richer, and my own eyes tell me he is both handſomer and younger, and conſequently fitter to ſatisfie a Widows love. *Exit.*

Enter Docket *haſtily.*

Dock. Certainly there is more in it than I can apprehend, that Mr. *Truman* ſhould tell me ſuch a ſtorie! for I met *Daſhwel*, and he *proteſtando* ſaid, my Niece was ſafe at home. Ha! well thought on, if he ſhould be ſtolen away with my Widow?—How, how, no *Truman! Docket*, *Docket*, where's thy Widow, man?

Lov. [*counterfeiting* W. Good.] Oh, Mr. *Docket*, that unmannerly clownish friend of yours left me alone so soon as you was gone; but I was resolved to stay, were it till midnight: But pray now, have you found your Niece?

Dock. It is her voice — Sing *O be joyful* — Widow mine, my Niece is safe — and now I have thee once more, I am resolved not to let thee go till we have joyned Issue — But why this Vail? A Widow and bashful? for shame turn up — in troth I will bring a *Levari facias.*

Lov. Hold, hold, Mr. *Docket*, let me hide my blushes; when we are fast to one another, as they say, then you shall turn up what you please.

Dock. Say'st thou so, Widow? along, along then, for fear of another Demurrer. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dashwel *hastily: After him*, B. Goodfeild, *and* Frank, *in Vizards.*

Dash. WHat would she have? I know her not. Has she not pickt my pocket?

B. Good. This is the rarest Mortal I ever met with: see how the Rogue shakes! But Mr. *Anthony* ——

Dash. I say once more, Gentlewoman, you are mistaken; my name is neither *John*, *Humphery*, *Dick*, *Rowland*, *Jeoffery*, *Stephen*, *Anthony*, nor *Mark Anthony* neither, but plain *Thomas Dashwel*, senior Clerk to Mr. *Docket.*

Fran. Your Father-in-law's Clerk, on my life, Madam. A word, Sir; is not your Master an Attourney of *Cliffords*-Inn?

Dash. Yes, and Gentleman too.

B. Good. He is about marrying a *Darbyshire*-widow ——

Dash. Yes, yes, they are *Legitimo Matrimonio copulat'* by this time.

Fran. Her name, *Goodfeild* ——

Dash. Right —— If this should be the Devil I have been talking with all this while? [*Aside.*

B. Good. Friend, haste to thy Master, tell him if he marries the Widow, this night will prove his last: I have decreed it, I his fate have said it. *Dash.*

Daſh. It is a Devil, o'my conſcience; would I were rid of her company. Nay, nay, nay, pray forſooth keep more diſtance — Look, look, her Eyes are all of a flame, and I ſhall be damn'd before my time!

Enter Truman.

Tru. What a Rogue am I to diſappoint a longing Widow? but when ſhe ſhall know it was for younger fleſh, ſhe will not certainly be ſo unreaſonable to blame me.—Well, her Daughter is a witty wilde frollicking Raſkal, and I love her to exceſs; but her abſence ſets my patience on the Rack.

Daſh. Oh, Mr. *Truman*, I am glad you are come.

Tru. What's the matter, man? thou look'ſt as if thou wert ſcared out of thy little Wits.

Daſh. Wits quoth I? here ſtands, I fear, the Ruines of one who once was a hopeful Pleader. See, ſee, Mr. *Truman*, this Petticoat-Sathan has made divers and ſundry aſſaults *manus graviter impoſuit, & cetera, inſultum fecit vi & armis verbis opprobriis & minis* — I have a good minde to ſwear the Peace againſt her—But oh, good ſweet Mr. *Truman*—ſhe approaches; as I hope to draw a Plea again, I will be gone, and ſo the Devil take the hindmoſt. [*Runs out.*

Tru. Some well-meaning Punck, on my life, following her Calling. It is eaſier to ſee a Court-Lady in her natural Complexion; than *Fleet-ſtreet* and the *Temples* without this kinde of Cattle.

B. Good. Have at my *Temple*-lover once more; if he proves according to my wiſh, he is my own. I'll trie if he is one of the Faſhionable Town-Gallants, who, good-natur'd Souls, keep Wenches for others as well as for themſelves.

Fran. If he proves conſtant after all theſe tryals, with my conſent he ſhould be Chronicled.

B. Good. Your name is *Truman*, as I take it.

Tru. You take it right.

Fran. And for want of wit, your dull ſottiſh Worſhip is entering into the bonds of Matrimonie.

Tru. How the Devil came you to know it? 'tis neither in Gazet, nor Banes yet aſkt i'th' Church.

B. Good. Gad ſa' me, y'are a baſe perfidious fellow.

Fran. Dam me! a Raſkal.

Tru. Hie day, Petticoat-hectors?

Fran. To uſe a Lady thus?

Tru. Uſe her? how? what Lady? which of ye?

B. Good. Me, ungrateful man? but I'll have your throat cut, Miſter——

Fran. Or noſe ſlit, look ye.

Tru. Daſhwel's words prove true; theſe are a couple of Devils: Nothing but Bloud and Wounds! 'Sbud who are ye? and why this anger to me, Damſels?

B. Good. Treacherous perjur'd Villain, who was not only content to debauch me, a poor innocent Country-girl — but notwithſtanding thouſands of proteſtations of keeping me with a gilt Coach, and ſet of Horſes for three lives, or one and twenty years, at laſt to Jilt me. But hang you, Renegado, your promiſes, performances, and treats, prove all too ſligh tfor a Ladies ſervice.— Follow me, if you dare.

Tru. Villain? perjur'd? debaucht? gilt Coach? Jilt me? treats? What a Pox is the meaning of all this? Hold, hold, Madam Myſtery, Gad e're you and I part, you muſt explain your ſelf a little better.

B. Good. Unworthy man, how often did you treat me at Plays, the Park, and Mulberry-garden, before I yielded? Have you forgot that too — and how you carried me to *Tunbridge?*

Fran. Yes, Madam; by the ſame token he had not money enough to pay the lodging, ſo that you were forced to pledge your little Dog for Nine and ſix pence, to ſave his honour — 'Tis true, when we came to *London* he ſent his Taylor to redeem him, which he put to his account for this Suit he has on; but I ſuppoſe you do not remember this?

Tru. Thou---I know not what! a Puppie ſave my Honour? thou riddleing lying Sathan, vaniſh, or——

Fran. I warrant you have forgot too, how laſt Winter you preſented me a Gennet Muff of a Noble, and at the ſame time promiſed me a Ring worth five Guinies, on condition I would praiſe your Dancing to my Lady: which I did, but from that hour to this, I never ſaw or Ring or Gold.

Tru. Oh, impudent Jilt!

B. Good, Faithleſs man! conſider who it is that courts you to be conſtant.

Fran.

Fran. Think of her Beauty and Behaviour.

B. Good. Her Faith inviolate.

Tru. Her ſingular Modeſty!

Fran. Aye, her Modeſty; but above all, her Bloud and Affinity: Think of her Relations at Court, able to promote you to what Pitch ſhe pleaſes: Half a word from her, can make you a Juſtice of *Quorum*, and ſend you into the Country with a Commiſſion to domineer over your Betters. I'll tell you as a ſecret, there is my Lord — hum — and Sir *Thomas* — hum — have been her Couzins any time this ſix years, off and on.

B. Good. In fine, tell me, as you are a Gentleman and no Souldier, how can you finde in your heart to forſake a Lady thus, and undo your ſelf by marrying?

Fran. To forſake one that loves you, to be tied to one for life, who without queſtion, if ſhe has any wit, as you are Huſband, will hate and Cuckold you — Ha, ha, he.

B. Good. Aye, one that loves and doats upon you — Ha, ha, he.

Tru. Was ever man thus baited by a couple of Vizard-maſks?

Fran. Faith I think not.

B. Good. Oh that I were but a man, for thy ſake! I have been too much a woman, I'm ſure.

Fran. Nay, nay, Madam, rather than fail, I'll hire a pair of Breeches at the next Broakers, and then break his pate, for all this.

Tru. Why, thou, thou, what ſhall I call thee? thou unheard-of Jilt, and thou other Spirit of impudence, what Devil ſet you on to abuſe me thus? Follow me no further, but tremble at the Neighbourhood of *Bridewel*, and be ſilent.

Enter Ned Goodfeild.

N. Good. How now, Siſter! what do you here?

Tru. How? his Siſter! 'Slife I am ruined. [*Aſide.*

N. Good. Oh, *Jack* here too! — then I perceive the buſineſs is done betwixt my Siſter and you. — Methinks you walk at diſtance like man and wife already.

Tru. No, *Ned*, it is undone, and I ſo too, if you ſtand not my friend to her: thy Siſter, whom I had never ſeen in her own Habit before, has provoked me to do that I fear will blaſt that good opinion ſhe before had entertained of me.

B. Good.

B. Good. Fear not, Sir, I like you never the worſe for what has paſt, eſpecially conſidering who was the cauſe of your paſſion, and of whom the diſcourſe was ſuppoſed to be. Like a wiſe Phyſitian who has made a Patient ſick by trying Experiments, I now will apply that remedy which will, I ſuppoſe, reduce you to your Wits agen. Here — how ſay you? [*Offering her hand.*

Tru. Gad, now I have you, Madam, hang me if I quit my hold till we are made Yoak-fellows: and if I truſt you more out of my ſight ——

N. Good. So; away, and I will follow preſently. *Exit.*

B. Good. Do you know what a dreadful thing it is you go about?

Tru. Think not to ſcare me, Madam; for ſo long as every couple hitherto, both good and bad, have had at leaſt a month of pleaſure, I am reſolved to trie what it is. Madam, it is decreed, and ſo forth--- Dear Rogue, let us to it.— *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter on one ſide, Docket, Loveal: *On the other,* Ned Goodfeild, Lucia.

Dock. HOw, how's this? my Niece with a ſtranger? undone, undone. Now I begin to ſuſpect *Daſhwel* is falſe, and all was true which Mr. *Truman* told me. [*Aſide.*

Luc. My Uncle, Sir! what ſhall I do?

N. Good. Fear nothing, Madam, I will be your ſhield againſt his anger.

Dock. Niece, Niece, Niece, Baggage, a word I pray — What Gentleman is that? what, what have'ye been doing together? why don't you anſwer me? what is he? from whence? whither wou'd he? with whom wou'd he ſpeak? — ha —

N. Good. Why, faith Sir, I am a *Cantabrigian*, a Gentleman, and my buſineſs was with this Lady; and we have diſpatched the very ſame Affair as you and my Mother have been about, *To have and to hold, for better for worſe*, and ſo forth; and now in hopes you will pardon a wandring Son, Madam, I beg a bleſſing on this Lady and my ſelf.

Dock. How? married, married! Cuds lid married?

Lov. Now I am ſure this is my young Maſter *Edward*; and becauſe

he takes me for my Lady, for once I will act the part of a Mother [*aside.*] Son *Edward*, you have it; but how came it to pass you left *Cambridge?* who gave you leave, pray, to come up to this lewd Town? go to, it is not well done of you.

Dock. Widow that was, is this your Son?

Lov. Yes, Mr. *Docket*, and a witty childe he is, but much of his Father's resolute humour, Peace be with him: for if at any time I desired him not to do so, or so, be sure he would do't; therefore I cannot blame him. But Son, are you married to that Gentlewoman?

N. Good. As sure as you are to Mr. *Docket*, Madam.

Dock. But not with my consent. However, Sir, for your Mothers sake, who is now my bride, this likewise being our Wedding-day, I pardon you: But d'you hear? expect nothing from me.

N. Good. Lass, Sir, I should be too unreasonable to expect any thing from you besides the Portion her Father left her; Six thousand pounds will satisfie me well enough.

Dock. But let me tell you, Sir, she has not Six thousand groats, marrying without my consent, as by her Father's Will may and doth more fully appear.

Lov. — Now I have it — Then, Sir, I hope you will not desire or expect to intermeddle with my Concerns: I have but Six hundred pounds a year Joynture, besides Four or Five thousand pounds in Money, Plate, and Goods; but these are not worth speaking of.

Dock. How, so wealthy? nay, then I am friends — It is but three or four years forbearance, and I shall cheat her of as much as the Portion comes to; therefore 'twill be policie to comply [*Aside*] — Well, Sir, for your Mothers sake I am reconciled to you, and must confess ——

Enter Truman, B. Goodfeild, Frank.

Six thousand pounds is my Nieces Portion, which in truth I cannot keep from her, it being by the Will due upon her day of marriage; and my designe in giving out the Penalty, was in hopes that no one wou'd have ventured on her; and she dying single, her Portion then would have been my own.

Tru. To which we are Witnesses.

Dock. Oh, Mr. *Truman!* with all my heart.

B. Good. Brother, give you joy — Mother, your Blessing

[*Offers to kneel.*

Lov.

Lov. I can hold no longer — [*discovers her self*] Oh, Mrs. *Betty*, I am over-joyed to see you in *London* —

All, Loveal!

Dock. How, how's this? what cheated of my Widow too? Wretched miserable *Docket*, thou art undone, undone ——

Tru. Fear not that, man; she's a thrifty Soul I warrant you. But *Docket*, cou'dst thou in thy Conscience think it reasonable to swallow Widows as fast as Mortgages? No, Sir, no; and you see now, that by my own contrivance, without the help of the Chancery, I have superseded your desires: ha, ha, he——

Dock. Look ye, I will instantly draw up an Indictment against ye all for Cheats.

N. Good. And I will immediately take out a Writ against you for my wifes Portion; you understand me?

Tru. But provided you give an Appearance, and put in good Bayl, you shall not be arrested; for you know Six thousand pounds requires special Bayl, Mr. *Docket*. But to prevent such extremity, I will make a bold proposal. — Deliver up my Mortgage, and I will become responsible to my friend for your Nieces Portion.

Dock. Hum! Deliver up your Mortgage, Sir? *Curia advisare vult*: let me consider on it.

N. Good. Do it, and I agree to't with all my heart.

Dock. [*aside*] Here is no parting with Money, for it is the same sum; and should I be stubborn, they'll have me up in Chancery, and that will soak my Purse. — And I have now what I have long'd for many a day; a Wife, though none of the best, yet she'll serve. — Mr. *Truman*, I'll do't; and let all bear witness, I here promise to deliver up Mr. *Truman*'s Mortgage, provided that upon receipt thereof he enters into Bond to my Nephew and Niece for the payment of her Portion. In the mean time, Nephew, I give it you — And now, Sir, I give you Joy with all my heart.

N. Good. Your Servant, Sir. —— And now, friend, before these, I give you back your Mortgage in lieu of my Sisters Portion.

Dock. Well done, y'faith, Nephew — how luckily it falls out! Two Portions paid, and a Mortgage satisfied, without handling one farthing of Money.

Enter Spruce, Dashwel.

Spr. Advance, man, and see thy Mistris in earnest, for she is my Master's Wife now.

Dash.

Dash. Married to my Master? I will instantly have him up in the Ecclesiastical Court *de Matrimonio prelocunt*, for that will amount to a Contract.

Spr. Spare thy pains, man, he'll be too hard for thee at that weapon; and since he has her, we must submit to our hard fortune.

Dash. Well, patience *per* force, *et cetera* — but what a Raskal was you to make me run the Gauntlet about the Town?

Enter Widow Goodfeild, *and Boy.*

W. Good. Hist, hist, Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Truman*— [*Runs to him.*

Tru. Your Blessing, Madam. [*Kneels.*

W. Good. My Pardon you mean, for making me wait so long.

Tru. This Lady, Madam, was pleased to forbid the Banes, and take me her self.

W. Good. How's this? my Daughter? Lord, *Betty*, what make you in *London?*

B. Good. Madam, understanding your desire of having me married, I thought *London* the likeliest place to meet with a good Husband in, which since I have found true; and I thank my Stars I am better matcht than I shou'd ha' been with Sir *Alexander*—

W. Good. My Son *Edward* in Town too?

N. Good. Yes, Madam, and begs both Pardon and blessing; for Mr. *Docket*'s Niece and I have been at the same sport my Sister and Friend have been at.

W. Good. What a day of Accidents has this been! my Journey made fruitless, my Children married, and my self disappointed — But Mr. *Truman.* [*Takes* Truman *aside.*

Tru. I understand you, Madam— but enough of that — cou'd you in reason, expect to have two Husbands before your Daughter had one?

W. Good. This vexes me a little: however, I'll carry it off moothly [*aside.*] I swear, Mr. *Truman*, you have had singular good fortune, to meet with a Wife; for cou'd you think I was in arnest? that so Grave and Sober a person as my self wou'd marry so light a young *London* gallant as you are? I thought only to ave made sport with you, and to let you know that Country-Gentlewomen can carry on designes, and have wit upon occasion, as well as your fine flanting *Londoners*, an' they list.

Tru. That I ſuſpected; beſides, Madam, I had not the ambition to be your Huſband; your Son, was the greateſt happineſs I aim'd at — which, by my Friends aſſiſtance, and this Ladies kinde conſent, I am according to my wiſh.

W. Good. I cannot be angry with you; for your marrying my Daughter, ſhows you have a Reſpect for me — therefore Heaven bleſs you together; and here I publickly promiſe not to marry again — but be good Children, and when I die, ſhare what I leave behinde me.

All. We are obliged to you.

B. Good. Frank, ſuſpect me not; thy ſervice ſhall be rewarded: I hate Ingratitude. — Finde out the man you can like for a Huſband, and I promiſe thee a Portion, Wench.

Fran. With your pardon, Madam — I am of too modiſh a nature, to comply with ſo ungentile a thing as Matrimony: my Requeſt is only this, that you'll be pleas'd to accept of my ſervice, while I am ſerviceable; but when I grow old and paſt my labour, as they ſay, a ſmall allowance for Pap, Butter-milk, and roaſted Cheſnuts is all I deſire.

Spr. In the mean time, know me for your Gallant; for when that dreadful Winter of Age comes, you'll be good for nothing but to make Touchwood.

N. Good. Mr. *Spruce*, your Service has been ſo conſiderable, that when opportunity offers, I never will appear ungrateful. ——

Spr. Your Servant, Sir.

Dock. So, ſo, all's concluded, and I am very well ſatisfied with my Spouſe here, ſeeing the Widow has miſt of her Aim — and being my Wedding-night, my Niece diſpoſed of too —— *Daſhwel*, come hither; run you before to the Roſe-Tavern, and bid 'um ſend the Supper I beſpoke to *Cliffords*-Inn-Hall; and then ſtep to the Cock-ale-houſe and get Fiddles, for I am reſolv'd, Gallants, to dance the Meaſures e're I go to bed — and then ——

Daſh. Aye, marry Sir; ſhall I ſee *Argulus*, and *O baſſe Regis* danced agen? I love thoſe *Temple*-dances with all my heart. *Exit.*

All. Agreed, agreed. —

Tru.

Tru. This Generous Frolick of thine, old Lawyer, has quite reconcil'd me to thee; and I am resolv'd to make Quarrels, but I'll be thy Client for this —— Lead thy way with thy Duck there——

Lov. Aye, aye, let's be going, I begin to grow very sleepy, my Dear.

Tru. Gray heads may doat, as their dull Passions move;
But only Heaven and Youth make perfect Love.

Exeunt omnes.

ERRATA.

PAge 25. line 31. read *le Peak*. p. 47. l. 8. r. *erre*. p. 53. l. 7. r. *wish whom I left him*. p. 70. l. 30. r. *certainly*.

EPILOGUE.

The plague of Writing has infected all;
'Tis a Diſeaſe grown epidemical,
And not confin'd to th' bounds of this lewd Town,
But o're the Nation the Infection's flown.
For Country-Squires now drunken Catches write,
Whilſt Miſs is here lampoon'd by Jilted Knight.
The brisk gay Fop, and modeſt Lover too,
With ſenſeleſs Rimes coy Miſtriſſes perſue.
Nay, the great man, Heir to more Wealth than Wit,
From Authors ſteals, yet ſwears thoſe lines he writ:
But he (ſuſpecting you the cheat ſhou'd finde)
Both to himſelf, and world, will prove ſo kinde
To let you know in Verſe a piece of's minde.
Then blundring through the ſtreams of Poetrie
He knowingly diſplays Debaucherie,
Which proves to be his own Epitomie.
The Zealot too, (as I'm inform'd) through th' Noſe
Pronounc'd a fatal Sentence againſt Proſe:
For being inſpir'd with Brother Hopkins *Rime,*
He wooes a Siſter in the like jangling Chime.
Nay, ſhou'd w'enquire, no doubt there are but few
Amongſt ye here, but what are Dablers too;
And Muſe *as well as* Miſs *for kindneſs ſue.*
It is the worlds blinde ſide — then, Sirs, forbear
Your cenſures now, leſt fondly ye appear,
Not to our Author, but t'your ſelves ſevere.
Though plain, 'tis new, your Rigour then ſuſpend,
Since to divert you this he did intend.
If all ſhould write alike, then where wou'd be
Your bleſt Diana, *ſweet Varietie?*

FINIS.